THE

PILGRIM.

The Second Part.

Written by

P. *BELON*, Gent.

Tranſlator of the Firſt Part,

And Dedicated to the Dutcheſs of

ALBEMARLE.

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AN ADVERTISEMENT To the READER.

I *Need but ſay that the firſt Part of this Novel was writ by that fine Wit,* Monſieur de S. Bremond, *to inform the Reader of its worth, and that there wanted nothing but a concluſive Part, to compleat it in all reſpects.*

To the Reader.

Having accidentally met with it, I liked it so well as to wish for a Continuation, which I afterward despaired ever to see, hearing that the Author having retired himself in Holland *at the first rumour of the late Plot, there he had concluded all his Works, with the last period of his life.*

I was not the only Person that regretted the loss of so excellent a Pen, there were divers of the first Rank in Wit and Quality, that did also

also condole his death, and wish'd that he had liv'd, at least so long as to have finish'd the Novel of the Pilgrim.

So soon as I had been informed of his Death, *I had made a rough draught, which peradventure I might afterwards have spun out into a second* Part, *for my own satisfaction: But some few Months after this false Report having been disproved, by a Letter from* Holland *under his own*

Hand, I gave over the pursuit.

Yet I could not wholly desist from nibling at so pretty a piece of Wit, wherefore, and in order to gratifie some Persons of our Nation, I made it English, *and took the boldness to Dedicate it to that great Pattern as well as Patroness of Wit and Ingenuity, the Illustrious Dutchess of* Albemarle; *who was pleased to receive it with that Generous Bounty, and*

singular

ſingular Affability, where-with ſhe uſually allays the ſplendour of her Greatneſs, and conſents that vulgar Eyes ſtould be cheriſhed with thoſe Beams of her Luſtre, which otherwiſe would deſtroy their Opticks.

That incomparable Heroine had no ſooner caſt her diſcerning Eyes over it, but that ſhe expreſſed an earneſt deſire of ſeeing a ſecond Part, which made me inform her Grace of what I had done by way of diver-

tiſement, telling her withall, that I wiſhed her Grace might find out ſome Perſon capable of finiſhing it, acknowledging my ſelf too weak to proceed any further on a Subject, and in ſuch a Style, unto which I was ſo great a Stranger: Yet her Graces Commands, with the hopes that ſhe her ſelf would take the pains to amend thoſe Errors which I ſhould be apt to commit in the performance, did afterwards embolden me to undertake it.

After

After which her Grace was pleased to dismiss me, with this Caution, that whereas she perceived that the French *Author, according to the Genius of his own Country, did not make his Heroine appear unto the World altogether so fair, and free from Censure, as he might have done, she enjoined me to redress her, and to bring her off with credit, so far as her little sallies and gayeties in the first Part would permit me*

to

to act, without palpable Contradictions.

Who could refuse an entire Obedience to the Commands of so Illustrious a Person? As if I had been inspired with a new Soul at her Graces Orders, I immediately went to work, notwithstanding all my imperfection and insufficiency, so that in the space of three Weeks I brought forth this second Part of the **Pilgrim**, *which I here present to the Reader. But*

it

it was so unlike its elder Brother (as it was easily discernable by any ordinary Capacity) that notwithstanding her Graces perusal and amendments, making the best that she could of so ill a thing, as required a general Reformation to have it without fault, it is not freed from all Defects.

Receive that which is good in it, as the Corrections from her Graces Pen,

and

and what is amiss I and the Printer will take upon us; however I hope that the Reader will find so much satisfaction in it as will not let him regret the laying out of his Money on it.

THE

THE PILGRIM.

The Second Part.

IT was about break of Day when our Pilgrim, impatient to be on the Territories of *France*, gets up to look about him, and to enquire what progreſs the Veſſel had already made in their Journey; for ſo long as he was on that fickle Element he thought himſelf unſafe, not knowing what new turn of Fortune might overtake him, and bring him back to viſit his la[illegible]

lancholik Lodgings: Beſides, his happy and unexpected deliverance from a double Slavery, did appear to him ſo like a Dream, that he did ſtill remain in ſome apprehenſions of carrying along with him the worſt of his afflictions. This made him to inquire of the Maſter of the Veſſel, what other company there was with him: The Maſter told him, that there was none beſides a Fryer of St. *Dominick*'s Order, and a Woman: A Woman? replyed *Camille*, being ſtrangely ſurpriz'd; then am I as miſerable as ever, and find that I muſt never hope for any end to my misfortunes. Had you orders, continued he, to take in any other perſon beſides my ſelf? Sir, replyed the Maſter, the Father who hired it laſt night, did agree with me for the tranſporting of himſelf, and two other perſons, and your ſelf, the Father and that Woman make up that number, neither durſt

durſt I take any more into my Bark, becauſe of the Governours ſtrict Orders, that I ſhould immediately depart. Our Pilgrim was ſo troubled at what the Maſter had ſaid, that holding down his Head, his Hat drawn over his Face, his Arms acroſs, leaning on his Staff, with his Eyes fixed on the Deck, he ſtood as mute, as if he had been ſtruck with Thunder; but while he appear'd ſo like a Statue outwardly, his Heart was agitated within with ſuch a Confuſion of thoughts, as were the cauſe of his repreſenting ſo odd a Figure. Sometime he was thinking, what could be the reaſon that the wiſe Governour ſhould give ſuch ſtrict Charge to the Marriners for his immediate departure, and yet be ſo negligent in the ſecuring of his Wife from getting into the Felouqua with him: Then again it did very much ſurprize him, that *Donna Barbara* ſhould change her mind as to her

disguise, and hazzard her self in Womans Apparel; but then it came to his thoughts, that it was peradventure for her better security in case her Husband had been inform'd of the dress which she had design'd to go in; and so by remaining in womans Apparel, had cheated him the second time. By and by, again, his mind would be busied in making out, whether Father *Andrew*, and *Donna Barbara* were got into the Vessel, in order to go along with him, or that they believing him still a Prisoner in the red Tower, they had come thither to shelter themselves from the Governours present rage, and so had abandon'd him to the furious passions that a jealous man of the Power and Authority that the Governour was, could employ in order to his ruin. If so, then of consequence, those orders that had been given to the Master as from the Governour, he did conclude

clude to be of their own fabrick, to haſten the departure of the Veſſel, for fear of a ſurpriſal. Theſe, and many other confuſed notions poſſeſſing his whole imagination; he remain'd unreſolv'd, not knowing what to conclude on: Once he was for diſcovering unto the Maſter, who that Fryer and that Woman were, which he had taken into his Veſſel, and ſo perſuade him that he would do the Governour a ſingular piece of Service, in carrying them back to *Barcellonna*: But he thought that it would be very difficult for him to prevail with the Maſter, againſt the Governours poſitive Orders. Beſides, if it ſhould prove, that the two Paſſengers that were with him ſhould not be the Father and the Governeſs, it would be a great diſadvantage to himſelf to be carried back; he did believe that it was very unlikely, that at that time of the Night, and at ſuch a Critical moment, any other Fryer and

Woman than them, could come so pat to embark themselves in that very Vessel that had been hired for them. This at last made him conclude that the good Father and the Governours Wife were in the Felouqua with him, yet that peradventure they might not know of his being there, which set him upon the design of concealing himself, that he might get on shore without their knowledg of his being there. In this last resolution, he goes to the Master, and having dropt some Pistols into his hand, he whispered to him, that for some particular reasons he would lye concealed from the knowledge of those two persons that were with him, that therefore he would be conveyed where he might remain unseen, till the rest were landed, and then that he would come to shore himself. The Master having return'd his thanks, took *Camille* by the hand, and having conducted him into

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a little hole like a Cabin, he left him with an assurance that there he might lye as secure as he pleas'd.

The Wind was so favourable, as in a short time to convey them in view of *Narbona*, at which the Master of the Vessel cry'd out aloud, that all might take notice of it; that who had a mind to go to shore, should begin to prepare for it. At these glad tidings, Father *Andrew*, who had lain all the while as still as a Dore-mouse, rises and goes to the Governess, telling her, that if she pleas'd to look forth, she might behold their wish'd for Harbour; but receiving no answer, he retired, concluding her asleep, after her long Fatigue, and great Disasters. He gets upon the Deck and accosts the Master in this manner; Are you sure, said he, that that is *Narbona*? pointing at the City, and in the *French* Dominions: Yes, replyed the Master; at which good

news, The Fryers countenance was chang'd from melancholy, to as ſerene, as was the Weather. In the opinion, that *Donna Barbara* was not come away empty handed, he begins to build ſtrange Caſtles in the Air, in his imagination, making already a priſe of her and of her Treaſure; now that he did find himſelf, out of the Governours reach, and paſs'd being controul'd by the abandoned Pilgrim in that height of thoughts, he has not patience to remain any longer mew'd up within the narrow compaſs of a Boat, which made him to return unto the Lady, and intreat her to ariſe, and prepare to go to ſhore, but having no anſwer yet, he employs his hands, where the Darkneſs of the place did deprive him of the uſe of his Eyes, and finding that the Lady was not concern'd at his touch, he adventures further, and meets with her face, which finding

warm and breathing, he deſcends Lower with the ſame hand, where finding her Breaſts, he made bold with them. This free acceſs, without the leaſt repulſe, did ſo embolden our jolly Fryer, that he did adventure to convey his other hand lower, when on the ſuddain, he receiv'd a ſevere rebuke, accompanied with a thundring voice, and preſently getting off of the Bed, ſhe went to that little light that came in by the Door. The good Father, who had not been a little ſurpriz'd at the ſtrangeneſs of the accident, believing that he had miſtaken one place for another, was making towards the Door to retrieve his way, when he was ſeiz'd by the Arm, which put him to a ſtand, but had you ſeen in what a dreadful fear the poor Father was, when lifting up his Head, he eſpy'd a Face as black as any that ever came from the *Affrican* ſhore; which looking on him with a pair of ſtaring Eyes, cryed out in the ſame tone as be-

fore, preſſing his hand, you would never have forgot it.

You may eaſily imagin that the good Father *Andrew* at this Apparition, was not in any great humour of making long compliments, on the contrary, he was ſo deſirous to be gone from that black Companion, that running haſtily out, he ſtruck his Head with ſuch a force againſt the Door frame, as did caſt him backwards flat on his back in a ſwoon. The Mooriſh Woman ſeeing him lye ſpeechleſs on the floor, weltring in his blood, did ſtoop to him, and ſetting up her voice, to call for help as well as ſhe could, and to bemoan the poor Father; ſhe began to howl much after the manner of the *Iriſh* at their Funerals. At this hideous noiſe the Maſter run to learn what was the matter, which having ſeen, he preſently went to *Camille* and told him that the Father was fallen backwards dead

dead, he knew not by what accident, and that there was no body with him, besides the Mooriſh Woman, which he had brought along with him the laſt night. *Camille* learning by this, that *Donna Barbara* was not there, went to ſee what was the matter; he found the poor Father, as the maſter had told him, in a very ſad pickle: He caus'd him to be taken up and brought in a Chair upon the Deck, in the open Air; and preſently after that the good Father had drank a little Wine, which was given him, he began to look about him, while *Camille* was gone to ſee who that Woman might be. He was not long before he learned of her, that ſhe was *Donna Barbara's* Slave; who having engaged to be ready to go along with her Lady, and thinking the hour at hand; ſhe had got to the appointed Poſt on the Port, whence in her obſcurity of the Night ſhe had been led into

the Veſſel, where ſhe thought that her Lady was before diſpos'd of. While that this account had been given at one end of the Feloqua, Father *Andrew* at the other end having perceiv'd the Marriners flocking about him, he preſently fancied that they were Men ſent by the Governours orders to diſpatch him, in that belief, the very apprehenſion of Death, though he ſeem'd half dead already, did make him cry out, that he was innocent, that he knew not where was *Donna Barbara Day amonte*, the Governour of *Barcellonnas* Wife, and that if they killed him, they would murther a harmleſs man, a Religious man, and one of the Order of St. *Dominick*, who was a Father Confeſſor alſo, for which Crime they ſhould one day ſeverely anſwer: Look, look, continued he, ſpeaking to thoſe that were about him, whether you can find any ſuch perſon here? Neither did

I ever deſign the ſetting of the Pilgrim at liberty, for he was yet in the red Tower when I went from *Barcellonna*, he was thus going on pleading for life, when thoſe men that were about him ſtaring on him, were call'd away, and *Camille* appearing preſently to him, he was by that ſet into a greater fright than ever, which he ſhew'd by endeavouring to get away: *Camille* took him by the hand, and told him that he needed not to fear, becauſe there was no perſon near him that would do him any injury, that he ſhould take his word for it, whom he knew to be his friend: By this time the poor Father *Andrew* having with much ado lifted up his Eyes, and perceived *Camille*, and are you here, Sir, ſaid he, and all alone too, then do I breath again; with that he fetch'd a deep ſigh, after which he thus continued; and I do begin to believe that all that has lately happen'd unto

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me, has been meer deluſion, and a temptation of the Devil; then lifting his hand to his head, which pain'd him; yet there muſt be ſomthing real in the caſe, continued he, or how ſhould I feel all this ſmart elſe? And above all things, I wonder moſt how the Devil did put that black fantaſme into my hand in the dark, in lew of the Governeſs? *Camille* finding that he would preſently fall into a melancholly paſſion, if not diverted, deſired him to reſt ſatisfied, and that he would give him a true account of all ſo ſoon as he ſhould be got on ſhore, and that his hurts were dreſt: Why, am I wounded then, ſaid the good Father again, with a great emotion of Spirit: Yes, replyed *Camille*, but not by thoſe means which you fancy, but reſt your ſelf contented, rely upon me, and all things ſhall be well again, and you ſhall have but the hurt on't, without any further ill conſequence: Then *Camille* commanded ſome Perſons that were by,

by, to carry him to shore, which being done, he was drest and put in a Bed, and *Camille* and the poor Father did remain at *Narbona*, till he was perfectly cured of his broken head.

The next day the Vessel returned to *Barcellona*, whither the Mooriſh Woman was convey'd back, according to *Camille*'s orders, where you are to know, that the Governour had with much patience and secrecy, convey'd his half dead Wife into her Chamber, where he had left her to recover her self, while he went out to order some of his Servants to seek every place in the Palace for Father *Andrew*, and to bring him immediately along with them, pretending that his Wife being fallen desperately ill on the suddain, she had occasion for him: The Governours design in this, was to catch Father *Andrew* before he were gone, and to bring him to severe punishment, after he should have vented

vented his paſſion in words upon him and the Governeſs, and yet ſo order the matter, as that the true cauſe of all theſe diſorders ſhould be conceal'd from his Servants knowledg, and that he might give his Wife time ſufficient to recollect her ſelf, that ſhe and her Factor might with more patience hear what he ſhould ſay to them, he did retire into another Chamber, where he expected that the Fryer ſhould be brought to him, not doubting but that he ſhould be found ſomwhere about the Palace, he having caus'd all the Gates to be ſhut up, ſo ſoon as he had diſcovered their deſigns: But he reckoned without his Hoſt, the Bird was flown, ſo that having waited a long time, after which his Servants being return'd without their prey, he deſign'd to return to his Wife and give her her leſſon. But mean time, ſhe having been inform'd that her Husbhnd had ſent

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for her Agent, and judging that it was to bring them together, to let fly his revenge upon them both at once; she had retired into those lodgings, which were lately the Marquioneſſes, where she had lock'd her self up, sending back that Woman that had gone with her, to tell her Husband where she was retired, to observe his motions, and to give her an account of his proceedings againſt Father *Andrew*, that by them she might take her measures, and judg of his designs againſt her self. The Governour missing of his Wife, ask'd where she was, and having been told that she had removed her self into the Marquioneſſes late lodgings, where she had lock'd her self up, with a design to lye there that night; he troubled himself no further about it, but went to Bed, reserving the Schooling of her againſt the next day.

Donna

Donna Barbara being alone in that Chamber, had too many things in her head to think of ſleep; ſhe intended to employ her time better, in contriving which way to deſeat her Husbands deſigns of railing at her; ſhe had too high a Spirit, calmly to beare his injuries, and reproaches, and ſhe was reſolv'd one way or other, to prevent his Fury. She had opened the Window, to let in the cool Air of the Night, to refreſh her fretted Heart; and ſhe was looking out, when caſting her Eyes towards the ſhore, ſhe did perceive, as well as the light of the Moon, which then began to riſe, would permit her, at that diſtance, a perſon that was coming from the Sea ſhore towards the Palace, who being drawn nearer, did appear to her in a Pilgrims Habit. It came preſently into her head, that it might be *Camille*, who being got out of Priſon, and not believing what ſhe had

had told him of the Marquioneſs's abſence, was come under that Window, in hopes to ſee the Marquioneſs, or to learn by ſome means or other, which fortune might produce in his favour, whether the Lady was gone, or ſtill in her old quarters. *Donna Barbara* did further imagin that the Pilgrim not daring to return to his old lodgings, or be too buſy in enquiring elſewhere, for fear of being retaken, and worſe uſed than at firſt, he had thought it his beſt courſe to come there himſelf, for information; having prepoſſeſt herſelf with this conceit, as all perſons are apt to believe that which they moſt deſire, ſhe dropp'd down one of her Gloves, that it might cauſe him to look up and take notice of the ſigns that ſhe did make him to have him ſtay a while. The thing ſucceeded as ſhe had deſir'd, for after the Pilgrim had taken up the Glove, and found by its ſtrong

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perfume, that it did not belong to an ordinary hand, he lifted up his head, and perceiv'd ſome body that did make him ſigns, as if they would have him to ſtay, a little after which they withdrew.

This Perſon who had taken up the Glove, being a Pilgrim that was newly come to ſhore, and was going in Pilgrimage to St. *Jago*, having no other buſineſs at *Barcellona*, but to ſeek for a lodging for that night and to proceed on his journey forwards the next morning, was willing to wait and ſee what the ſucceſs of this would be, therefore he ſtayed there, walking up and down till *Donna Barbara* having writ her mind, and conveyed it into the other Glove, ſhe likewiſe did drop it before him. He preſently took it up, finds the paper in it, which he takes out, unfolds, and reads, as well as he could; but ſome clouds at that inſtant obſcuring the Air, ſo that he could

not

not make an end; he looks up, but finds that the Person was retired, and the Window shut. Now this Pilgrim being one of those persons, that like the generality of those foot Travellers, was light enough of Money, in ready Cash, but who are as well provided and stored with Jests, Songs, and merry Tales as our Country Fidlers, fitted to all sorts of humours and conditions, which amongst those kind of persons are as good as so many Bills of exchange, payable at first sight; for through the Authority of those letters of Credit, and some little pritty *Agnus Dei's*, little Crosses, Chaplets, Medals, and the like Toyes, they pass every where, and make bold to seek for Lodgings, and all other conveniencies, in all places, in all companies, and at all times. He thus qualified hastens into the City, and being made somewhat more bold than ordinarily, by this late adventure

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he confidently knocks at a House door, where he saw a Candle, where being admitted and got to a light, he pulls the paper out of his Pocket, and read in it as follows.

In spight of all my Enemies Contrivances, Plots, and Designs, I have kept my Station: If you continue in the generous design of freeing me from the cruel Tyranny of a Jealous Husband: This next night between one and two repair here again, and bring along with you a Ladder of Ropes by the help of which, maugre all my Guardians Circumspections, and Donna Barbara's *Intelligences, you shall receive into your protection the Marquioness of &c.*

And a little beneath, by way of Postscript, was writ.

Excuse

Excuſe my bad writing, through the want of light: Get in readineſs a Felouqua againſt that time, which may carry us to ſome Sea Port of France. *You need not to fear the Charges; for I ſhall bring that along with me, that ſhall be ſufficient to defray all, and put us beyond want.*

At every period of this Letter, the Pilgrim would make a pawſe, then read it over again; but when he came to the Poſtſcript, where mention was made of ſufficiency to defray the Charges, and to put them beyond want, he did read that place twenty times over, and having look'd once again on the word Marquioneſs, all thoſe little diſtruſts and Jealouſies, which had poſſeſt him during the reading of the Letter, did vaniſh into Air, and as if the word Marquioneſs had fill'd him with another Spirit than his own, he did reſolve within himſelf,

ſelf, to act that perſon's part, for whom he was taken; thus he reſolv'd to take opportunity by the foretop, and not to part with her till he had built his own Fortune. To encourage himſelf in this reſolution, he calls for the beſt that the houſe would afford, enquires if there were not a Marquioneſs that lay in the Palace, who had a Jealous Husband: He is anſwered that there was ſuch a one, but that it was reported that her Husband was gone with her the morning before; The news of the Marquis, and of his Ladies abſence did make him build the ſtronger upon that bottom, in lew of deterring him, ſo that he long'd till the time was come to get off the Lady.

To that purpoſe, ſo ſoon as it was convenient to ſtir forth, he pays his reckoning, and goes out to hire a Felouqua to provide a Ladder of Ropes, with all other neceſſaries for the Voyage, which

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all his little ſtock would but juſt reach to; but while he was buſie about this, a ſmall ſcruple aroſe in his mind, which was, that doubtleſs the right Perſon intended to be employ'd by the Marquioneſs, could be no leſs than ſome perſon of quality, which made him fear, that when the Lady ſhould diſcover his Pilgrims weeds, ſhe might find out her miſtake, retire before he had her ſure, and ſo leave him at all the Coſt and Charges, to his utter ruine: This conſideration was of weight; but he knew no other way to remedy it, than in pretending, that he made uſe of that Habit to be diſguis'd, and that through its favourable aſpect, they might paſs with more ſafety into the Felouqua. This, with the proſpect which he had of making his Fortune, did cauſe him to puſh on, and to venture at all, leaving the ſucceſs to the diſpoſal of Fortune, who commonly aſſiſts the bold. With

this laſt reſolution he continues his deſigns, and gets all things in readineſs againſt the appointed hour; which being come, out goes our Pilgrim, and gets under the Window whence he had receiv'd the firſt Summons; he was not long there before he heard it open, and preſently after a Cord was let down, at which he having faſtned the Ladder of Ropes, it was preſently pull'd up again, and not long after *Donna Barbara* came down by it, cloſe mufled up, leaſt that the Pilgrim ſhou'd find out her deceit; ſhe did no ſooner touch ground, but telling him in a diſguiſed tone, that there was no time to looſe, for fear of a purſuit, ſhe pull'd him along by the Arm, not giving time to anſwer, which pleas'd him very well, who was as willing as ſhe was to keep ſilence, ſo that they both haſten'd to the Veſſel, in equall fears of being diſcovered by one another: So ſoon

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as they were come to the Felouqua, the Master disposd of them severally, as the Lady desired, and presently they put off to Sea, making all the Sails they could for *Narbona*.

Mean time the Governour, who had through his Wifes Importunities granted her two days retirement, only in order to plague her the more severely afterwards, did not so much as once offer to disturb her, during the whole time of the Truce; but the term being expir'd, his patience was at an end also: And having sent divers of his Servants one after another to have the Door open'd to him, though to no effect; he went thither himself, where having divers times call'd and knock'd at the Chamber door, to as little purpose, he caus'd it to be broke open, and his anger being exasperated by his Wifes resistance, he presently rushes into the Chamber, searches all Chambers for her, runs from one place to another, peeps in every hole,

and corner, but finds nothing but a Paper that lay upon the Table, in which there was writ; that she being not able to endure the affronts and reproaches, with which he had threatned her, he should not take it ill, that she had absented her self for some time, only till his anger was over, and that he had alter'd his resolutions; for she could not imagin, that her endeavouring to release an innocent distressed Gentleman, was such a Crime as deserv'd so severe a usage, as he design'd her. Though he was a Person that naturally had a great power over his passions, yet seeing himself over-reach'd by a Woman, he fell into such a rage, that storming, and threatning all the Servants, as being accessaries to her flight, they at last went their ways and left him alone to vent his anger at leisure.

After the first transports were over, he began more calmly to con-

consider with himself, what he had best to do, and what course to take to retrieve this fugitive Woman. Being vex'd with himself for having expres's'd so much passion before his Servants, and published so much of his concerns, but as to that, there was no remedy, and all that was to be done now, was how to get his Wife home again; but first how and where to meet with her. This he knew not how to go about, having not the least knowledge of the course that she had stear'd, he resolves a thousand things in his mind, and as often defeats them again with new considerations, not knowing on which to pitch: Sometimes he is for one expedient, then presently again he layes that by, and he takes up another; sometimes he is of opinion that it is the wicked Father *Andrew* that has assisted his Wife in her escape, at other times he is of opinion, that it is the Pilgrim, who not obeying his orders,

had lain lurking thereabout to accompliſh this wicked buſineſs, then ſometimes he was in the belief, that they both had a hand in the Plot: Thus being perplex'd with divers uncertainties, not knowing what courſe to take, he goes to the window which had been left open, where he finds ſome certain marks of his Wifes eſcape that way, there he ſets himſelf down, and after a long debate within himſelf, he concludes that his wife imagining that the Pilgrim had followed the Marquioneſs to *Saragoſſa*, ſhe had made what haſt ſhe could with the Fryers aſſiſtance, to go after him, and to gain him for her ſelf, before that he had time to renew his friendſhip with the Marquioneſs. Amongſt a thouſand conceptions finding this the moſt probable; he reſolves for *Saragoſſa* immediately; but receiving that day ſome orders, which required his preſence for three days at *Barcellonna*, he was forc'd to obey, and defer his purſuit till that buſineſs was over. Mean

Mean time our Travellers are come to Anchor before *Narbona*, the Maſter gives them notice of it; the Pilgrim appears firſt upon the Deck, trembling at the very thoughts of approaching and diſcovering his deceit to the Lady: He had been there ſome time, when one came to him to tell him, that the Lady would have him come to her, in her Cabin. The Pilgrim with much perplexity and diſorder did obey the Commands.

Donna Barbara, had made the place as obſcure as ſhe could, to prevent a ſurpriſal, deſiring to diſcover her ſelf to *Camille* little by little, and to obtain his pardon for the change that ſhe had put upon him; after which ſhe would endeavour to gain his affections. The Pilgrim comes in, and with much ado feeling out the Bed that the Lady lay on; he throws himſelf on his knees by the Bed ſide, and was going to ask pardon for his pre-

ſumption; when *Donna Barbara* did interrupt him in this manner, *Sir, there is no Woman in the World who having received ſo great a favour as I have lately from you, but would acknowledge her ſelf infinitely oblig'd unto your generous aſſiſtance for it; yet, Sir, the caſe is ſuch at preſent, that I muſt attribute the cauſe of my preſent liberty, more to my good Fortune, than to your endeavours, when I look upon all that you have olately done, as intended to ſome other perſon than my ſelf.* *Madam*, replyed the Pilgrim, *I am come to acknowledge my Crime, and moſt humbly beg your pardon, for having been ſo bold, as to take upon me the performance of that which was deſign'd for a worthier hand, than that of a miſerable Pilgrim; and I do own my ſelf ſo unworthy that honour, that I muſt wholly attribute to my good Fortune that happineſs, which another more worthy might deſervedly challenge from his own merits,*

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You cannot be wanting in that, replyed *Donna Barbara, except it be that your Cruelty, does drown with ingratitude, all those advantages and excellencies that the Heavens have so profusely showred upon you, and in that lyes my misery, that while you are endeavouring to oblige another; you set forth your unnkindness to me, and are perſuading me to believe, how ready and willing you are to ſerve others, while I am to be left unregarded, or that if you chance to do me ſome kind Office, it is againſt your will, and by meer accident. Madam,* replyed the Pilgrim, *ſince it has pleas'd the Fates to make me by accident that inſtrument of your ſafety, which your judicious choice had deſign'd unto another, be pleas'd to allow of their determination, and to accept of my moſt humble Services, in order to your future deſigns.* This unexpected anſwer did ſo ſurprize *Donna Barbara,* that ſhe remained for

ſome time without anſwering, which gave the Pilgrim time to add; I am the more excuſable, Madam, in having undertaken nothing but what I had your commands for, under your own hand, wherein reading your reſolutions & fearing that my receiving of your orders might probably diſappoint thoſe perſons for whom they were meant, by which you would looſe that opportunity which might never be recovered again. I thought that I could do no leſs than ſupply that place, which I have done, but in order to ſerve you; Madam, if you think fit to make any further uſe of me, I am ready to obey you in what elſe you will be pleas'd to command me, but if my unworthineſs does invite you to caſt me off, let me but have the happineſs to accompliſh the reſidue of my Pilgrimage under the favourable aſſiſtance, and recommendation of your illuſtrious Name; and I ſhall reſt contented with the hon-

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our o1 having ſerv'd you once, and ſhall ever add ſome words, in my petitions to St. *Jago*, for a bleſſing on all your deſigns. This great fall from the Pilgrims firſt expreſſions, did fully confirm *Donna Barbara*, that ſhe had been miſtaken in the Perſon, but how ever the ſatisfaction which ſhe had of being out of her Husbands reach, with the hopes ſhe had of meeting with the right Pilgrim at *Saragoſſa*, did make her reſt ſatisfied for the preſent, and to give him this anſwer: I muſt confeſs that I ſhould not ſo willingly nor ſo eaſily have truſted my ſelf in the hands of a Perſon ſo abſolute a ſtranger to me as you are, had I had my choice; but ſeeing that it has ſo hapned, and that you are willing to ſerve me further, I will make uſe of you in ſending you to ſhore to get me the beſt and readieſt conveniency that can be had to carry me to *Saragoſſa*, where I would have you to accompany me, and

there

there I ſhall return you thanks proportionable to the ſervices which you ſhall have rendered me, mean time, take this, continued ſhe, giving him a handful of Piſtols to defray the Charges, and ſo ſoon as you have provided all things for the Journey, come and fetch me hence.

The Pilgrim received *Donna Barbara*'s orders with much earneſtneſs, and her Gold with as much greedineſs; and having aſſured her that he would make all the haſte poſſible, he went to ſhore, where he provided all things neceſſary for her conveyance to the place that ſhe deſired, and return'd to her again at the cloſe of the Evening giving her an account of what he had done; preſently after the Maſter of the Veſſel was pay'd for his freight, and *Donna Barbara* was conducted to ſhore by the Pilgrim, from whence they were convey'd inceſſantly to *Saragoſſa*. At the laſt days journey ſhe ſent her new Servant before to provide her

her ſome Lodgings as private as poſſible, in ſome by place of the City, to which ſhe would go in the evening, that ſhe might not be ſeen. Which he did with ſuch diligence, that he came back again, and met her two or three miles diſtance from the City, whence in the Evening, he led her to her lodgings.

So ſoon as *Donna Barbara* found her ſelf to have no further occaſion of the Pilgrim, ſhe gave him a very conſiderable gratuity for his Services, and returning him thanks ſhe ſent him away.

Our Pilgrim being fluſh'd with what he had receiv'd for his four or five days Services, went to ſeek for a lodging for himſelf; he had quickly found one at a publick Houſe, where he met alſo with ſome of his Country-men, with whom having made acquaintance, they ſupp'd together at the Pilgrims coſt, who would treat them,

and

and after Supper, they fell a drinking so hard. that they were all in their Altitudes, especially our Pilgrim, who being puff'd up with the honnour which he had receiv'd in serving a Marquioness, and in that gallant manner too, besides, the thought which came into his head, of the great reward which he had receiv'd for it; that nothing would serve his turn at last, but the Marquioness's Health, which he began with a full brimmer; which Health he oblig'd the company to pledge, twice over; one amongst them being somewhat more peevish than the rest, had not so much Complaisance, as to do it without grumbling; and amongst the rest of his mutterings, he said, why must we drink twice over a Womans Health, whose name we know not? Nay, nor I neither, replyed the Pilgrim; but thus much I will tell you, to invite you to it; that she is young, beautiful, wise, and as generous as a Princess, and pul-

pulling his Purſe out of his Pocket, and ſhaking it: here are golden witneſſes of what I ſay, with part of which, I intend to defray all your Charges: Here Gentlemen, continued he, and therefore pray fall too, and ſpare not: After two or three Cups more round the Table, at the requeſt of the company, he gave them an account of his coming acquainted with her, and his aſſiſting of her in making her eſcape from a jealous Husband, and how he had waited on her to *Saragoſſa*.

At laſt they drank ſo long, that they were all paſt drinking, and it was ſo late, that the Maſter of the Houſe came and deſired the Company to get to their Beds, if they could find them, for that Night, telling them that the next day would be long enough for them to ſing the Second part to the ſame Tune, if they pleas'd: With that our brave Pilgrim having diſcharg'd the reckoning, was led into his Cham-

Chamber, and put to Bed, and the reſt of the Company did the like.

The next morning one of the Marqueſſes Servants coming at that Houſe to viſit one that had lately been his fellow Servant, he is informed of a certain Pilgrim newly come from *Barcellonna*, who had talk'd much of a Marquioneſs, and that he had drank her Health, with ſome of his own Country-men, till they were paſt drinking for that bout. The Fellow hearing this, without any further inquiry into the Buſineſs, concluding within himſelf, that it was the ſame Pilgrim that they had left in priſon at *Barcellonna*, he immediatly returns home with this news to his Maſter, aſſuring him that the Pilgrim by ſome means or other being got out of Priſon at *Barcellonna*, was come thither. There needed no more to ſet our Jealous Marqueſs on the fret; he preſently tells the Fellow that he had ſo great a confidence in him that he

he would leave the management of that buſineſs to him, not doubting but he would faithfully ſerve him in it: Which was to get that Pilgrim to be put in Priſon, to that purpoſe he writes a Note to a Juſtice who was ſomething akin to him, to have the buſineſs done out of hand, letting him know that it was a great Malefactor who had broke out of Priſon at *Barcellonna*, where he was detain'd for horrid Crimes, and was come into that City under the diſguiſe of a Pilgrim: He immediately ſent his Servant about it, aſſuring him that he would conſider his care and diligence in the buſineſs; and gave him a ſpecial charge to ſee him caſt in priſon, and loaded with Irons, with a ſtrickt order that no body ſhould be admitted to ſpeak with him: Preſently after the poor Pilgrim was taken out of his Bed with his Cloaths half on and half off, and dragg'd to priſon like a Dog,

Dog, after the cruel manner which they uſually do in that Country, where he remained a cloſe Priſoner.

While things were in this poſture at the City of *Saragoſſa*. *Camille* little dreaming how he was uſed there, was recovering of Father *Andrew* at *Narbona*, that they might in diligence overtake the Marqueſs at *Saragoſſa*, where he hoped he would make ſome little ſtay; and finding that the good Father was in a Condition to begin the Journey, and as willing to ſerve him as ever, to which purpoſe *Camille* had given him to underſtand that he was a Perſon capable of protecting him from all dangers, and of requiting him very bountifully. They ſet forwards towards *Saragoſſa*, where being arriv'd, it was their lot to Inn at the very houſe, whence the Pilgrim had been taken out.

The next morning after their arrival, Father *Andrew* was enquiring

ring of his hoſt whether he knew not of a certain Marqueſs and Marquioneſs that were lately come into that City from *Barcellonna*. The Hoſt made anſwer, that there was a Marquioneſs, or Marqueſs, or ſomething of that quality, that was lately come from *Barcellonna*, who liv'd very privately, not far from thence, which he had heard of by, he could not remember whom: Preſently the good Father, runs to *Camille*, and acquaints him of the diſcovery which he had already made, at which they both concluded by ſeveral circumſtances, that it muſt of neceſſity be the beautiful Marquioneſs, who it was probable was kept up ſo privatly by her Husband. The next thing was how to get her inform'd of their being come to *Saragoſſa*, with the ſame deſign of ſerving her, as they had expreſs'd at *Barcellonna* there lay the difficulty, which could not be removed but by a more particular

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Information of the place, and ſituation of her Lodgings. To this purpoſe the Landlord is call'd up, and employ'd to go and learn exactly where thoſe perſons lay, and preſently after returns with full Information; upon which *Camille* and the Father take their meaſures. They having debated and concluded on ſome thing: Father *Andrew* is ſent to go take private lodgings near that place, but as he goes down Stairs he meets with his Hoſt whom he takes along with him, to ſhew him the Houſe wherein the Marquioneſs lay. The Father having taken good notice of it, ſends back mine Hoſt, and takes lodgings cloſe by it; after which returning to *Camille*, he gave him an account of what he had done, and preſently they caus'd their goods to be remov'd. They being in their new lodgings; the next thing which was thought on was, that Father *Andrew* ſhould inſinuate himſelf into

into the Company of the Marqueſs his Landlord, to learn of him how things were, that was preſently done; and in a ſhort time the good Father was inform'd, that he did not know what perſons liv'd in his Houſe, nor how many they were that he had never ſeen any of them, but one Maid Servant; that if they were ſuch great perſons, as had been reported, they had doubtleſs for ſome great reaſon and deſign, left their retinue behind them, and liv'd extraordinarily retired, never ſtirring out of their Chamber, where all their neceſſaries were brought to them, by that only Maid: The Father having been thus far informed, enquired, if it were not poſſible to have a Letter delivered unto the Marquioneſs, unknown to her Husband? He was anſwered, that he did not know whither there was a Husband or no in the caſe, and did believe that if ſhe had one he was not with her at that time

time. With that a maid going by, here is their Servant, continued he, I will call her to you, and she shall inform you her self of that better than I can. He call'd the Maid, who being come, Father *Andrew* inquired of her, whether the Marquess was with his Lady, and if it were not possible to give her a Letter without his knowledge, to which all the answer that he could get was, that she was not yet so weary of her place, as to loose it, that she lik'd it so well, as to have no desire to part with it to another; that she knew well enough what she had to do, and that he should mind his own business, and not go about to get her place from her; and having said this she went away, with a great deal of indignation. The good Father found by this small Tryall that no good was to be expected that way, he therefore bethought himself of another expedient, and with fair words and promises

miſes did require of the Maſter of the Houſe that he would lend him the Key of his Garden door that at night he might get into it, where he made no queſtion but by ſome means or other, he would find out ſome way to let the Lady know of his being there, which ſhe would be very glad to hear. The Landlord making ſome doubts at it, pretending that he might by that means looſe his Lodgers, the ingenious Father did preſently remove thoſe ſcruples, in dropping in his hand a Piſtol or two, which put the Key of the Garden Door into his poſſeſſion. The good Father would willingly have been fully inform'd, whether the Marqueſs was with his Wife or not; but after divers attempts, and to no purpoſe, he went home, being perſuaded by divers circumſtances that he was abſent.

Being returned home, he inform'd *Camille* of all that he had done, telling him that it were his own

own fault if he got not the Lady immediately, while her Husband was abſent. *How do you know that he is abſent?* replyed *Camille*, *as for my part I am not very well aſſured that this is the right Marquioneſs, and I fear leaſt you may miſtake in this, as when you took the Moor for* Donna Barbara. To which Father *Andrew* ſaid, *give me leave to tell you ſome circumſtances and to put ſome conſequences into your head, and then judge whether it can be any other perſon than the Marquioneſs. They are lately come hither from* Barcellonna, *where they are very private; as to their being with no other Servant than one ſingle Maid, thus I make it out, thus I make it out; the Marqueſs having it is probable ſome buſineſs, which call'd him from hence, and fearing, leaſt in his abſence you ſhould clear your ſelf to the Governour of* Barcelonna *ſo as to be releas'd preſently after, and that you might follow after him, he to*

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conceal his Wife from your knowledge, had left his retinue at ſome ſmall diſtance from the City; and to make the leſs noiſe, had brought his Wife in the night, only accompanied with her two Guardian Women, and that ſerving Maid who was to attend them, with charge never to ſtir forth of her Chamber till his return, after which he might return to his Servants, and take them along with him. This is the beſt way that he could take in ſuch a caſe, replyed *Camille*, I muſt confeſs, were he forc'd upon ſome ſuch extraordinary occaſion, to have left his Wife behind him; but I fear that nothing could perſuade him to do ſo: Yes, replyed Father *Andrew*, for ſome few days, having ſuch truſty Guardians to watch over her, and having mewd her up ſo cloſe, as no body but himſelf could find her again, at leaſt in his thoughts; Beſides, why may ſhe not be fallen ſick? At leaſt not ſo well, as to be carried, with ſo

much haſt as his buſineſs might require? and ſo be forc'd to leave her behind? All theſe are conjectures and probabilities: It may, and it may not be ſo, replyed *Camille*, and neither you nor I can inform our ſelves better: Well, put the Caſe we are in the right, what is next to be done, continued *Camille?* This, reply'd the Fryer; you muſt have a Letter in readineſs for her; you muſt beſides make ſome kind of Song or Verſes, which you may Sing at night under her Window, in which you muſt give her to underſtand in covered terms, that you are here in order to receive her commands: The conſequence of this, replyed *Camille*, will be, that we ſhall alarm her Guardians, who will reward us with the ſame preſents as the Marqueſs receiv'd at *Barcellonna*; and that at the Marqueſs his return, they will inform him of the buſi-

neſs,

neſs, and ſo our deſign will be loſt, and all hopes of ſetting on foot any other by our diſcovery. To this I anſwer, reply'd the Father, that you muſt not mention any thing that can be underſtood, but by the Marchioneſs her ſelf; that though the Guardians are awakned, we ſhall find ſome way to convey the Letter privately to the Marchioneſs, and that we ſhall after that, through her own aſſiſtance, get her off before the Marqueſs his return. Well, reply'd *Camille*, it is but the venturing of a ſuit of Cloaths and my Theorbo, I will give you the ſatisfaction of going with you at night, and to that purpoſe I will go about the Letter and the Verſes.

At night *Camille*, and Father *Andrew* came to the Garden door of the Marchioneſſes Lodgings, the Father goes to open it, but after he had fumbled a good while without ſucceſs, they were forc'd to

leave the Key in the Lock, and to get into the Garden over the Wall, where *Camille* began to tune his Inſtrument at a diſtance, which done, he afterwards drew nearer and Sang: He had not proceeded far, when the Houſe door, that came into the Garden was ſuddenly thruſt open; at which, *Camille* ſtep'd aſide behind a Statue, preſently came out running with their Swords in hand, three perſons, very furiouſly, which made the good Father to make towards the place that he had come in at, where by the advantage of a Terrace walk, he nimbly got over the Walk into a back Street, and from thence immediately home. The purſuers finding the Garden door lock'd; they ſought up and down the Garden after their prey, which gave time to *Camille* to remove his Station; he was paſſing croſs the walk, cloſe by the door of the Houſe; when a Woman taking him

him by the hand, come follow me, ſaid ſhe, I will put you out at the Street Door and go along with you; though I am not ſo well provided now, as I would have been, had you but ſtay'd till to morrow night; with that ſhe led him out by the Street-door, where ſhe thus continued to ſpeak. It fell out very ill, that my Brothers ſhould be ſo unluckily awakened by the ſinging at the next Neighbours, under the new comers window, as I imagin: I hope, *Alphonſo*, that you are, and will be ſenſible of what I do for you; How that I abandon all other intereſts, to follow you; and now that I have put my ſelf into your hands, even before you could expect it, and when you did intend nothing more than a private viſit to me, I hope that you will deal generouſly by me, and faithfully perform all your vows and proteſtations to me; in order to which I deſire you

to convey me presently to your own house, or any where else, if you think us not safe there from my Brothers search after us, and there to Marry me out of hand; that being once done you may claim me as your own, which will very much allay that prosecution, which otherwise we might expect with all the severity imaginable from my insenced Brothers. Having said this, she made a pause, as expecting his answer. Which having not, what is the matter? continued she, that you answer me not? Do you think me too forward in this Juncture, or do you relent in your affections? saying this, she held back *Camille*, who was still going a round pace, he knew not where; I will be satisfied continued she, before I go a step further. *Camille* then seeing a necessity of undeceiving that person, he led her towards the middle of the Street, where there was a little more light,

and

and lifting up his head, he gave her time and opportunity to ſee her miſtake, by looking in his Face. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Camille*, making a great ſhreik, ſhe endeavour'd to ſnatch her hand out of his, and would have gone from him; when *Camille* finding that it was time for him to ſpeak, ſaid, Madam, be not ſo affrighted as you are; but aſſure your ſelf that you are fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, who though a ſtranger in theſe parts, will ſerve and protect you with his Life, from any danger whatſoever; be pleas'd but to recollect your ſelf a little, continued he, finding that ſhe did ſtill endeavour to get away; and caſt not your ſelf into unneceſſary inconveniencies by your needleſs apprehenſions; do but command me, let me but know what is moſt expedient that I ſhould do for you at preſent, and you will find, that I ſhall obey with all the reſpects and

diligence imaginable. Theſe words being delivered by *Camille*, with an accent and grace, which did ſpeak him what he was, did ſomewhat ſettle again the trembling Lady, who took the boldneſs to ſay, Sir, if in my late misfortune I have had ſo much happineſs as to fall into the hands of a Gentleman, that will not make uſe of the advantages that my miſtake and the darkneſs of the Night has given him; ſhew your ſelf ſuch, by immediately bring me back to that place, where I firſt did meet with you. That were not to ſerve you, replyed *Camille*, but rather to proſtitute you, to your Enemy's Fury. Therefore, rather inform me, Madam, where I may convey you into the hands of that perſon, for whom you took me, who without queſtion, will gladly receive you into his protection. If I am ſo happy, reply'd the Lady, as to have met with ſo generous

rous a perſon; I ſhall be oblig'd to return my thanks to Heaven, for having ſent me in ſuch an extremity, ſo favourable an aſſiſtance, which I might not have expected from thoſe of my own Nation, had I been ſo unfortunate as to have fallen in any of their Hands, with all theſe diſadvantages. You looſe time, Madam, reply'd *Camille*, and know not how ſoon you may be overtaken and ſurpriz'd; I have already declared to you, that I am not of this Nation, and I add to it, that though my lodgings are not far from this place, I neither know where I am at preſent, nor which way to retrieve them, and did I know, I ſhould not go about to do it till I had left you ſafe, where you deſire to be; therefore I once more humbly intreat you, Madam, to guide me where you would have me to conduct you: You ſee, continued *Camille*, that day begins to break, and ſhould you be found at this time of the night in

the open Streets with a man, you may gueſs at the dangerous conſequences. I know not where to go, replyed the Lady, for I am ignorant of *Don Alphonſo*'s Houſe, therefore I muſt intreat you to lead me any where, till I have the opportunity to ſend to him to come to me. *Camille* was going to reply, when he perceiv'd a man coming in haſt towards them, who ſaid, Sir, if you are a Gentleman, pray aſſiſt me againſt the odds that my Enemies have over me, at this the Gentlewoman knowing by his voice that it was her Friend: Oh! my *Alphonſo*, cry'd ſhe, running towards him: Here is a Gentleman, continued ſhe, looking on *Camille*, that the Heavens have ſent on purpoſe to aſſiſt us. This did ſomewhat calm the jealous *Spaniard*. Who began to look ſourly upon that perſon, whom he had found in private with his Miſtreſs; but preſently the Ladies Brothers coming up, with their Swords drawn, they

they cryed here he is, which interrupted their further diſcourſe, by falling upon *Alphonſo*, which made *Camille* to draw likewiſe, and to aſſiſt the weakeſt ſide.

The claſhing of the Swords did preſently call ſome of the watch to them, before any hurt was done, which made every one ſhift for himſelf, by good fortune the Watch following the three Brothers; they gave time to the others to get off. But they not finding the Lady where they had left her, nor no where thereabouts, they went to ſearch a little further, where *Camille* found himſelf juſt before his own door, meeting there with Father *Andrew*, who had the Lady by the hand; he being impatient at *Camille*'s abſence had gone out with a deſign to ſeek after him, and paſſing by juſt when they were fighting, and perceiving a Lady ſtanding by, much affrighted, taking her to be the Marchioneſs, he had led her toward his Lodgings

ings, and ſhe being ſo ſurpriz'd at the ſight of her Brothers, had given her hand to the firſt comer, without conſidering who it was. They were all very glad to meet ſo luckily in that place: *Alphonſo* told *Camille*, that he was infinitely oblig'd to him for his generous aſſiſtance, without which he muſt doubtleſs have fallen under the diſadvantage of his Enemies Swords. Sir, reply'd *Camille*, this is no place to uſe compliments in, and I judg it dangerous for you both to appear any more in the Streets this Night, while your Brothers are yet in the purſuit of you. Neither would it be ſafe for us to retire to my Houſe yet, ſaid *Alphonſo*: You ſay right, anſwer'd *Camille*, therefore if you pleaſe to accept of what accomodation my Lodgings and the houſe will afford, you ſhall find there a hearty welcome, where you may remain ſafe, and as private as you pleaſe, till you have

have the leiſure and conveniency to retire your ſelves where-elſe you ſhall think fit. *Alphonſo* having return'd *Camille* humble thanks, turning to the Lady, Madam, ſaid he, ſince it is dangerous in having you any further this night, leaſt that you ſhould fall agian into the hands of your Brothers, if you pleaſe, we will be further ingaged unto this gallant perſon, in accepting of his kind offers; at which the Lady made anſwer, I am willing to accept of this Gentlemans Civilities; but it ſhall be upon condition that you ſhall preſently ſend for a Prieſt to Marry us: replyed the Lady, and you, Sir, continued ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Camille*, you ſhall ingage to me before I enter, that you will do me the favour to give me to this Gentleman; he knows what a conſiderable Fortune I bring along with me, in ſpight of my Brothers, able to re-eſtabliſh his broken Fortune; and

and when once my Brothers know that I am his by Marriage, they will lay aſide their anger, and deſiſt any further proſecutions. *Camille* and *Don Alphonſo* having promis'd that ſhe ſhould have all the ſatisfaction that ſhe ſhould require; they went up Stairs, where, while the Prieſt was ſent for, and a Chamber getting ready for them, *Camille* gave them the beſt entertainment that he could; and an account of his Amours, and of the cauſe of all the diſorders of that Night, through the Song, which he had applyed in a wrong place. After this, *Alphonſo* and *Camille* renewed their Compliments, with aſſurances of ſervices on either ſide, and ſo they contracted a Friendſhip, which prov'd more durable than is uſual between a *Spaniard* and an *Italian*; after a while the Prieſt being come, they were Married, and then they retired into that Chamber that had been fitted

ted for them, where *Camille* having conducted them, he took his leave and left them, to go to his own Bed, and presently after Father *Andrew* did the like.

The next morning the good Father, who was always diligent in such affairs, goes to the Marques his Landlord again, and telling him that he had been disappointed by intangling the Key with other things in his Pocket, which pulling out, he had dropp'd and could not find again: That he desired him to get another made; and giving the man a double Pistol, to stop all replies and put offs, here is to pay for it continued he, I shall come again in the Evening, therefore pray let it be ready against then: The Landlord was going to reply with a sour Face, as if he did not like it, and had no mind to get another Key: But the cunning Father perceiving it: It may be that it will cost more. Y'are in the right, continued he,

he, and giving him another Piſtol, if that will not do, I will bring you more when I come to fetch it; at this the Landlord being overcome, he did promiſe him to get a Key ready againſt Evening.

By that time that Father *Andrew* was return'd, *Alphonſo* and his Lady were viſited by *Camille*, they deſired him to let them have a Meſſenger to ſend to *Alphonſo's* Houſe for ſome of his Servants to come to him; it was done accordingly; and *Alphonſo* having writ ſome Letters to ſome of his particular Friends, inviting them to come and accompany him and his Bride home; he ſent one of his own Servants with them, and ſent another home, to give order that all things ſhould be got in a readineſs fit to receive him and his Friends; not long after, there came divers of the new married couples Friends to offer their Services: To whom *Don Alphonſo* and his Lady returning thanks

thanks, they both recommended to their Friendſhip, *Camille*, and after the firſt uſual compliments were over, *Alphonſo* and his Bride, went, accompanied with a conſiderable number of Friends and Servants, in divers Coaches unto *Don Alphonſo*'s Houſe, where *Camille* and the good Father *Andrew* did attend them alſo; and towards the Evening, after they had been Magnificently treated, conſidering the litttle time to prepare things in; having taken leave of the company in general, they return'd home to prepare for the night expedition.

While Father *Andrew* was gone for the new Key, *Camille* employ'd himſelf in fitting anew his Theorbo, which had been diſorder'd in the late rancounter, it was not long before the diligent Father return'd, and a little after, it being time, they went out on the ſecond adventure. They ſoon did light on the right door, which Father *Andrew*,

drew for fear of any further mistakes, had mark'd with a piece of Chalk. Being entered and having shut the door upon them, for fear of any surprize from without; *Camille* having tun'd his Instrument, he Sung to it as follows.

Cloris, *before your conquering Eyes,*
Had made my Heart your Sacrifice,
Your Charming Voice had led the way;
Seraphick *sounds piercing my ravish'd Ear,*
Enter my yielding Soul with full Carrear,
And forc'd me Loves Laws to obey:
So that when on your beauties I once gaz'd,
Resolute and amaz'd;
I then decreed,
To serve you, Cloris, *with a winged speed.*

My Heart subjected to your Laws,
Endeavour'd soon to gain applause,
In his dispatch to break your Chains;
Beat off your Shackles, and all could be found
In which your jealous Tyrant kept you bound
So set an end to all your pains.
But while to free you I was wholly bent,
To Prison I was sent;
In which I lay,
Until I heard he had forc'd you away.

Then

There having been tempted to break
Thoſe vows, I had made for your ſake,
I was releas'd, I knew not how;
Thence here I'm come, where learning you are freed,
While I envy the hand, I bleſs the deed,
And now to your commands I bow,
Expecting a decree to fall or ſtand,
From your Impartial Hand;
I wiſh the Fates
May make your heart and mind my Advo-
cates.

No ſooner had *Camille* ended his Song, but he was inform'd from the Window that it was underſtood, and that he ſhould the next Day about Evening come the ſame way, where there ſhould a Servant wait on purpoſe to admit him, after this the Window was ſhut, and *Camille* with Father *Andrew* retired with all the ſatisfaction imaginable.

Camille was very impatient till the hour was come to render the viſit to the beautiful Marchioneſs. He could not ſleep all night for thinking on it, which made him paſs

paſs it in framing a thouſand agreeble Ideas in his fancy, about the Charming entertainment; and he was in ſuch a Rapture all the day following at the thoughts of the pleaſures, which he was e're long to enjoy, that he could neither eat nor drink, being ſo wholly poſſeſt with thoſe joys, which he already did reliſh in his imagination. At laſt did come the happy hour, he flyes into his bliſs, being at the Garden door, where he leaves Father *Andrew* to return home, he is met by a Servant Maid, who does conduct him to the Chamber, his paſſion is rais'd to ſuch a height, at each ſtep that he makes towards it, that he endeavours to ſuppreſs it with the apprehenſions of ſome reverſe of Fortune, for fear that his exceſs ſhould tranſport him beyond himſelf; he arrives at laſt to the Chamber door, he enters, he perceives the Lady in an obſcure place

at

at the further end of the Chamber, he runs towards her, flings himself at her feet, and with a voice that expres'd the transports of his Soul, he says, *Madam, what honour do I receive in this your gracious condescention to my humble desires? My Soul is so transported at the singular favours which I now enjoy from your extream bounty, that I want words to express my resentments; let therefore my silence, my respects, and my most humble submission, speak to you what my Tongue cannot utter. Beautiful Marchioness, behold at your Feet, continned he, a person so wholly possest with admiration at your perfections, that it preserves a heart from the reach of the rest of your whole sex, to offer it pure and wholly at the shrine of your adorable beauty. I do acknowledge, that I am most unworthy of the least of your favour, Madam, when I consider that*——Here he was interrupted by the Ladies rising from her seat, who stepping towards the light

light, did look upon *Camille* with an Eye full of indignation and revenge, which made *Camille* presently perceive his error, and that all that he had said, had been addressed to *Donna Barbara Dayamonte* in lew of the Marchioness. He rises, and being struck dumb, he remains as motionless as a Statue, which gave time to *Donna Barbara* to express her resentments after this manner. *Thou the most ungrateful, and the unworthiest of all men; have I abandoned my honour to the censure of the whole world? have I forsaken an Husband, and all other interests, to come after thee? and is it thus that thou requitest me? I will be reveng'd: and since that I cannot by any means imaginable enjoy thy Life, I will be the Author of thy Death: Yes, Traytor, I will immediately send for the Marquess, whom thou hast so abus'd, that in my presence he may take a full revenge of thee, that my Eyes and my Heart*

may

may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing thee periſh before me. With that ſhe commands aloud that the door ſhould be lock'd without ſide, which was preſently done within *Camille's* hearing, after which ſhe continued to vent her rage againſt him, with ſuch paſſionate words, that poor *Camille* was never ſo amaz'd at any thing in all his Life, and of truth it did concern him; he found himſelf in the power, and at the mercy of an Incenſed Woman, who doubtleſs would give a full ſcope to all her reſentments, and ſatisfie her ſplenetick revenge at his coſt; there was no retreating; to offer to make his way back by force, were to oblige her the ſooner to call for help; amongſt which the Marqueſs would not be forgot: To remain there without giving her ſome kind of ſatisfaction, were but to exaſperate her the more. After divers debates within himſelf, concerning what he ſhould do, he reſolves

ſolves to appeaſe her in ſome meaſure with kind words, fair promiſes, and humble ſubmiſſions thereby to regain his liberty. In this deſign he approaches the Bed whereon ſhe had thrown her ſelf, and bowing down: Madam, ſaid he, I muſt confeſs that my ſurprizal has been ſo great to find you here, when I thought you to be at *Barcellonna*, that I am not yet able throughly to recollect my ſelf; and I find that ſome time muſt be allow'd me for it, which I humbly beg for, mean time all that I have to ſay for my ſelf, is, that believing that you had been ſo fully prevented by your Husband in your deſigns, and I having receiv'd orders from him never return to *Barcellonna* upon pain of Death, this had made me wholly give over all future hopes of ever having the happineſs of ſeeing you again; and on the other hand, had brought me here in purſuit of the Marchioneſs, to renew with

with her my former affections, and if——Here *Donna Barbara* interrupted him, saying: But here I am, where in spight of all oppositions, contemning all dangers, and treading all other considerations under feet; I am come in pursuit of the most ungrateful of men; but if I must perish, I will first break your measures, and have the satisfaction to see my Rival depriv'd of all hopes of possessing that which is refus'd unto my affections. Madam, replyed *Camille*, I am sensible of the infinite obligations that I owe you; and if you but please to allow me some small time to wean my self from any further thoughts on the Marchioness, I shall acknowledge what you have done for me, with all the respects and gratitude imaginable; and if you will have so much bounty, as to attribute my former actions unto the excess of a blind passion, which made me pay to another, that which was

with more juſtice due to you, I ſhall for the future addreſs my vows here only, and limit my happineſs within the compaſs of that eſteem which you are pleas'd to expreſs for me; though ſo unworthy of that happineſs. At this turn, *Donna Barbara* look'd up, and holding forth her hand, he took it, and kiſſed it; he found that ſhe would have him to help her up by it, which he did; after which, they having had ſome further diſcourſes, in order to a more ample reconciliation, and better underſtanding for the future, ſhe releas'd her Priſoner, upon condition, that he ſhould daily viſit her, the ſame way as he had done that Evening, until they were reſolv'd upon ſome courſe, to free themſelves abſolutely from all the Governour's purſuits, and to get out of his power. All which *Camille* having promiſed to perform, he took his leave of her, and returned home.

Father

Father *Andrew*, very impatient to learn what ſucceſs *Camille* had had, did no ſooner ſee him, but with a chearful countenance, he inquired how the Marchioneſs had entertain'd him; but when *Camille* had inform'd him of the miſtake, the good Fathers look's did ſo viſibly change, that no body would have took him for the ſame man; yet after ſome little pawſe that the amazement had caus'd; *Well, Sir,* ſaid he, *what is done cannot be help'd, but to prevent further troubles, let us make what diligence we can to find out the right Marchioneſs, and to ſee what may be done with her, before you are oblig'd to pay any further reſpects to* Donna Barbara; *to that purpoſe I will viſit all the Churches in the City, but I will find out the Marqueſs, or at leaſt meet with ſome body that will inform me of him*: This being concluded on, they went to Supper, and from thence to Bed, where *Camille* had

full leiſure to reflect on the oddneſs of this laſt adventure, and of the means to prevent further inconveniences, for which he thought no way better than a quick diſpatch, in getting the Marchioneſs at liberty.

In the morning Father *Andrew* goes to the great Church, where after ſome time he ſees the Marqueſs come in; he waits behind a Pillar, till he had finiſh'd his devotions, and then traces him home, and now what's to be done, but to return to *Camille*, and give him an account of the diſcovery, and conſult together, how to inform ſpeedily the Marchioneſs of their being at *Saragoſſa*, becauſe that other ways *Donna Barbara*'s expectations from *Camille* might ſpoil all, if not anſwered according to her deſires. After ſome time ſpent in debates, it is concluded that the good Father ſhould be diſguis'd like one of thoſe women which go from Houſe to Houſe

Houſe in thoſe Countries, ſelling of Womens little Trinkets; for there, they have not the great conveniency of three Exchanges, to pick and chuſe in, leaſt they ſhould make choice of ſuch ware, as their Husbands would be very unwilling to pay for. No ſooner concluded but executed, and while the one is dreſſing up like a very neat old Woman, to which the withered beardleſs Face, did not a little contribute, the other was writing a Note which was to be ſecretly convey'd to the Marchioneſs. The Father is fitted with all neceſſaries, the Note is convey'd very ſmooth into a Glove, and the brisk old Woman, being in a perfect readineſs, goes to the Marqueſs Houſe: She meets with a Servant, of whom ſhe inquires if ſhe can be admitted with her Ware to the Marchioneſs. *I have ſuch choice of curious things,* ſaid ſhe, *as I am ſure will pleaſe her very well. At this time, ſhe is not*

to be ſpoken with, replyed the Servant. *That is, becauſe that ſhe knows not what excellent things I bring*, replyed the old Woman: *but if ſhe did, I ſhould not be here ſo long without being call'd in, I tell you*, replyed the Servant, *that ſhe is now buſy, that the Marqueſs is at preſent with her, in her Chamber, and that therefore you muſt come again ſome other time.* At the word Marqueſs the good old Woman was willing to be ſatisfied, to return, and to let the buſineſs alone till ſome other time, when that bugbear were not in the way. In this reſolution ſhe begins to retire, when the Marqueſs coming by from his Wifes Chamber, he enquires what that Woman would have. It was now time to put on a good Face, nothing but the height of confidence with a good courage can carry off the old Woman, therefore ſhe briskly anſwers; that ſhe was come to ſhew the Marchioneſs ſome choice

choice things, which she hop'd would please her, that if he pleas'd to order that she might be admitted, she was confident, that she should give the Lady full content. The Marques, who ever since the Pilgrims last seisure, had been somewhat more complaisant to the Marchioness, than before, had a mind to give his Wife some little present, out of this Womans store; he therefore turning back again, said, Come follow me: At the word, follow, our old Woman did look upon her plot as been utterly spoild, and was resolv'd not so much as once to mention the Gloves wherein lay the Letter, nor to let them be seen. The Marques enters his Wifes Chamber, and tells her that he had brought her a woman with some things, of which he would have her make choice. The Marchioness, who was then somewhat out of humour, at the news of the Pilgrims second imprisonment, told

him that she needed nothing for the present, and that she should call some other time: The old Woman, who thought there could be nothing done so long as the troublesome Marquess was present, was very willing to retire, fearing very much a discovery; but the Marquess holding her back, said, Nay, but I have a mind to present you with something; and taking the Woman by the arm, he pulls her to the Table, and shuts the door of the Chamber, bidding her lay open her Ware: The old Woman would have given all her Shop, Cloaths, and a Finger to boot, had she been quit for that, to have been in *Camille*'s Chamber, but all the wishes in the world will not do, she was got in too far to retire; and now she must make something of it, or be lost for ever: In this extremity she displays her Merchandise; the Marquess presently rankacks in it, and bids his Wife to chuse

chuſe what ſhe lik'd beſt: She with a great indifferency, meerly to pleaſe him, takes what comes next to her hand, the Marqueſs not pleas'd at it, does incourage her to look on all, and take what ſhe lik'd beſt; and with that toſſes and rumbles the whole pack from top to bottom: The old Woman had her Eye continually upon the tell-tale Glove, and ſtill as it came uppermoſt, was very diligent to change its Station, and remove it a form lower; but at laſt the Marqueſs Eyes it, and finding it to his mind, takes hold of it at one end, while the old Woman preſently ſeiſes on the other, the Marqueſs pulls it, the old Woman holds it faſt, and to get it again out of theMarqueſs's his hands, ſhe gives him the other Glove, telling him, that that which he had, had ſome fault in it, which ſhould be mended if the other did fit, which ſhe would try; with that the Marqueſs lets go his hold,

and is so officious, that he will pull himself the other Glove on his Wifes hand, mean time the old Woman fumbles about the other, not daring to venture the pulling out of the paper, for fear of the Marquess's prying Eyes. The Marquess having pull'd on that Glove, which fitted and look'd very well, he asks for the other; the old Woman having no other way left to get off, presently takes the Marchioness hand, to pull it on herself, the Marquess will have the office on't, she persists in her will, and gets it on the Marchioness hand, do the Marquess what he could to oppose her; saying that she was asham'd to stand still and see the Marquess thus take her work out of her hand, which oblig'd the Marquess to desist, though grumblingly, and displeas'd at the over diligent old Womans opposition; she mean time pulls on the Glove, though not with so much diligence

ligence and neatneſs, as had the Marqueſs, ſhe buſying her ſelf at the ſame time, in preſſing the Marchioneſſes Elbow with her hand, and guiding her Fingers to the Paper; the Marqueſs ſtood looking on with the greateſt impatiency in the World, having not power to deſiſt any longer from ſhewing his dexterity, and abhorring the old Womans bungling, juſt as the Marchioneſs was ſenſible that there was ſomething more than ordinary in that Glove, the Marqueſs takes the old Woman by the arm, and very angrily, he turns her away, to take her Employment from her: at which the Marchioneſs giving a ſhreik, Cry'd, *You have ſtrain'd my Wriſt*, with that, holding her other hand with her Hankerchief over the Glove and Wriſt, ſhe put by the over officious Marqueſs, telling him that ſhe would not have it touch'd till the anguiſh was over. This put the Marqueſs quite out of humour,

who

who fell a grumbling at the old Woman, while that his Wife having bid one of her Servants to carry those things which she had chosen, into her Closet, she followed her to lay them up; so soon as the Woman had laid them down, she sent her back for to know what they came to, and to ask of the old Woman if she had not some essences, mean time she takes out the Paper in which she read.

Your Pilgrims Agent, here demands,
That you would send him your com-
(mands.

And having found a short piece of Black-lead Pencel, in one of the Fingers, so soon as she had sent the Woman of another errand, while her Husband was paying the old Woman, she writ on the other side of the paper,

This Night, in the Garden, under my Closet Window; and having con-

conveyed it into the Glove again, she unripp'd some seams between the Fingers, and gave it the old Woman, telling her, that she should get it mended; the Marquess was going to lay hands on it again, but the old Woman being too nimble for him, thrust it into her pack amongst her other things, saying, that she would bring it again sometime that day, or the next at fartheſt, and taking leave she was going off, when the Marquess seising her by the Hand, and pulling her back again, did give her and his Wife a fresh alarem, but it lasted not long; for the busy Marquess did soon put them out of it in bidding the old Woman to leave the money which she had receiv'd for the Gloves, till she came again, the money being readily render'd by the good Woman, she presently went her way, with an assurance of returning again with the Glove mended to their liking.

The good Father *Andrew* being got off thus, with flying Colours, was so puff'd up with good success, that he thought nothing could be above his atchievements, he was so prepossest with that good opinion of himself, that going out of the Chamber, in lieu of taking his leave after the manner of the Matrons, he was for bowing forwards with his hands a cross, in a Fryer-like Salutation; but rectifying himself, before notice was taken, he got off with credit, and was not long before he return'd to *Camille*; where in giving him a full account of his good success, he was not wanting in expressing the Marquess's over-diligence, and to trumpet forth his own praises in his dexterous avoiding of all the Husbands troublesome pryings into the misterious part of the late contrivance; and giving the Glove to *Camille*, he found in it what the Marchioness had writ.

Busi-

Buſineſſes being brought to that paſs, with the Marchioneſs, *Camille*'s next care was to pacify ſtill more and more, *Donna Barbara*, and ſo prevent her from ſpoiling his deſigns, which ſhe might eaſily do, but with one word writing to the Marqueſs; if ſhe had but the leaſt ſuſpition imaginable of *Camilles* correſpondency with her Rival. This made him, ſo ſoon as it was Evening, to render her a viſit. She receiv'd it very kindly, and they were enter'd upon a very amourous entertainment, when the Maid came running into the Chamber, and as well as her fright and haſte would permit her, ſhe told them, that there was a Perſon of quality at the Street-door, that was ſetting a Guard upon it; after that he had done the ſame at the back-door, with a charge to let no body go out of the houſe, on what account ſoever, without his further orders. Preſently people were heard to come

come up ſtairs, which made her to run out of the Chamber again, and to lock the door after her; one ask'd aloud which was the Chamber, which being told, and finding it ſhut, it was broke open; yet not ſo ſuddenly, but that *Donna Barbara*, had time to convey *Camille* into her Cloſet, where he reſting on his knees and hands, ſhe ſpread a Carpet over him, and gently ſeating her ſelf upon him, as on a ſtool, in that poſture ſhe waited (with the Cloſet door open, that ſhe might the ſooner be perceiv'd) till thoſe perſons were enter'd her Chamber.

The Door being broken down, in ruſhes the Governour of *Barcellonna*: After he had left two Servants to guard the Chamber door, with a ſtrickt charge to let no body go out of it. So ſoon as the Governour had eſpy'd his Wife, he cry'd out, *Oh! are you there, Madam? I muſt find out you Minion alſo, if he*

is

is here, that I may pay him my respects: This said, he search'd all over the Chamber and Closet, flinging the Bed and Bedding all over the Room, and leaving not one hole or corner unvisited, not so much as a Window, or the Chimney escaping him; but having not found what he sought after, he returns to his Wife, and taking her off of her seat: *Come, Madam, since I am so unfortunate as not to meet with your devout Pilgrim, give me leave in his absence to supply his office, and to lead you in some place more secure, than you find this to be:* With that he leads her out, giving a special care to the Servants to watch the Door till his return, and to let no body in; then he conveys her into a Coach, and from thence into a Nunnery, where he left her in the Care of the Abbess, who was a Kins-woman of his Wifes.

He

He was returning to his Wifes Lodgings, to pack up all that ſhe had left there, when he eſpy'd the Marqueſs that ſtood at his Gardens back Door, they would willingly have ſhun'd one another, but not being able to avoid their approaches, they were forc'd to Salute: The Marqueſs was very much ſurpriz'd to ſee the Governour of *Barcellonna* at *Saragoſſa*, where, when he came firſt himſelf, he did not deſign to ſtay above five or ſix days, only to view the City. The Marqueſs having given the Governour an account of his Wifes Health, and enquired of his and his Ladies, the Governour gave him a brief account of her late eſcape from him, which had made him to ſeek after her there, where he had found her, but not the wicked Pilgrim, who he verily believ'd had debauch'd her; at which the Marqueſs ſmiling, made anſwer, that he had done that work for him three days ſince,

and

and that he had ſent him to Priſon, where he was ſafe enough. They finding themſelves Companions in the ſame affliction, though there were great odds; and that their Wives zealous devotions to the holy Pilgrim, could not be allay'd ſo eaſily, the Marqueſs was invited by the Governour, to go with him to his Wifes late Lodgings, where he was to return, that they might paſs away the reſidue of the Evening together, and conſult how to reſcue their Wives, for the future from that Deviliſh Pilgrims temptations. The Governour did prevail, and they took Coach to that purpoſe.

The Governour return'd with the Marqueſs to his Wifes Lodgings. They were not long before they fell into a very ſerious diſcourſe of their Wives; and amongſt other things, the Marqueſs was ſaying, that if ever that Pilgrim ſhould get out of Priſon again, he would certainly be

be the ruin of them both, to their own ſhame and confuſion: That therefore they were ſo to order the buſineſs, as to have him condemn'd and executed, which would be a a certain way to be for ever rid of him; all this was in the hearing of *Camille*, with divers other things and contrivances, in which they did ſpend a conſiderable time.

Mean while, diligent Father *Andrew*, who was always upon the watch, having had an account of all that had paſs'd, and not hearing a word mention'd of *Camille*, who was not return'd to his Lodgings, he concluded that he had hid himſelf in *Donna Barbara*'s Chamber, whence he durſt not adventure forth, ſo long as the Governour ſhould be there; he ponders within himſelf, what he had beſt to do for his deliverance, before the time of the Night were come, that they were to repair under the Marchioneſſes Window in the Garden, he

returns

returns to his Lodgings the better to contrive the buſineſs. A little after there came a Meſſenger from the Priſon, with a Letter directed to the Marchioneſs, without a name, lodging in ſuch a Street. When the Marqueſs had caus'd the Pilgrim to be committed, he had given charge, that in caſe the Priſoner ſhould deſire Pen and Ink, that it ſhould be granted to him, but that whatſoever he ſhould write to be ſent forth, ſhould be immediatly brought to him: This had been done accordingly; but the Meſſenger being at the Marqueſs's Houſe, had been ſent here after him. The Marqueſs having receiv'd it, open'd it, and read as follows.

Madam,

WHen I was firſt committed, I made no doubt but that you would take ſome care for my immediate releaſe; the want of which makes me now trouble you with theſe lines,

lines, to let you know, that notwithstanding the late favours that you were pleas'd to bestow on me, I am become one of the most miserable Creatures imaginable; for though through your generous bounty, I have wherewith to keep me from present want, yet the loss of my Liberty is such a Misery, as cannot be expres'd. Seeing that it was in your Service that I got this affliction, I humbly intreat you to endeavour forthwith my Enlargement, and to take me from suffering under those sad effects of your Jealous Husband's too severe hand, without which I shall quickly be in my Grave, by which means you will lose the most humblest of your Servants.

This Letter being read, the Marquess and the Governour could not but admire at once, both the simplicity and impudence of this Pilgrim; yet the Governour did take notice, that this was not writ in such a stile

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as the Pilgrim us'd to expreſs himſelf when he was at *Barcellonna*. The Marqueſs made anſwer, That it was probable that his impriſonment, and the thwarting of his deſigns, without hopes of redreſs, had render'd him ſo melancholick as to diſcompoſe his mind. While they were thus ſpending their Verdict and deſcanting on the Pilgrims Letter, there was another brought to the Marqueſs, which having open'd, he read as follows.

My Lord,

THere is a Fryer of St. Dominicks *Order here, who is very importunate to ſpeak with the Pilgrim, and will not be deny'd; notwithſtanding his Character, I would not give him admittance to the Priſoner without your order: I have inquired his name, which he was very unwilling to diſcover; yet in hopes to ſpeak with the Pilgrim, he has told me that he is call'd Father* Andrew,

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he is very preſſing, and I ſhall keep him here in diſcourſe and hope, till I hear your anſwer, which you will be pleas'd to ſend back by this Meſſenger to me.

This laſt Letter did ſo ſurprize them both, that looking on one another, they remain'd mute; at laſt the Governour ſaid, that they ought not to let ſlip ſo fair an opportunity, of puniſhing their Wives diligent Mercury. No, no, reply'd the Marqueſs, that would be a great over-ſight, I will immediately go to the Priſon and have him ſeis'd on, and I will along with you, ſaid the Governour; for I long to ſee how ſtrangely he will be ſurpriz'd at the ſight of us: Thus you ſee, reply'd the Marqueſs, that the wicked ſeek their own ruin, and bring themſelves to receive the puniſhment due to their offences. Well, reply'd the Governour, now is the time to ſecure both theſe wicked men, that they

they ſhall never more be in any Capacity of debauching our Wives. Let's be going, reply'd the Marqueſs, and loſe no time, for fear he be gone before we come, and that we loſe this fair opportunity of ſeizing him: With that they did immediately take Coach to the other end of the City, where was the Priſon.

They were no ſooner got out of the Houſe, but the politick Father *Andrew*, of whoſe contrivance the Letter was, came in, he goes up Stairs, and having ask'd which was the Chamber that belong'd to the Governour of *Barcellonna*; it was ſhew'd him by one of the Guards, he draws near it, and is repulſed, and told, that no body was to go in there: I know, reply'd the ſubtle Father, that your Orders are to let no body in, but you are not hindred from letting any perſon go out, eſpecially when I am ſent on purpoſe by the Governour for

them. There is no body there, reply'd one of the Servants: It were ſtrange indeed, reply'd the Father, then they are gone out before I came for them, and yet I have made what haſte I could from the Governour and the Marqueſs; I came here directly, and have not met by the way, that Perſon that I come for: But I looſe time, and the buſineſs preſſes. *Signiour* Camille, continued he with a loud Voice, *you muſt leave off your watching, for he that you wait for has been a Priſoner theſe three days, and you muſt immediately go along with me to the Governour, that ſtays for you; come forth and I will deliver you my Errand punctually:* This was ſpoken with ſo much confidence by the Fryer, that the Servants preſently open'd the Door, and forth came *Camille*; *Now, Sir*, continued Father *Andrew*, *I muſt tell you that there is one Father* Andrew *at the Priſon, that would ſpeak with the*

Pilgrim

Pilgrim Priſoner; the Governour was going to ſeize on him, but he has better conſider'd on't, and therefore has ſent me for you, that you ſhould go firſt, and bring him certain word, whether it be that Perſon that he means, or not, whom he ſays you know very well. This did the good Father ſpeak with ſo much readineſs, that *Camille* himſelf was ſtartled at it; and the Servants having heard the Governour and the Marqueſs diſcourſe of it, before they went forth, they made no ſcruple in the leaſt to let him go: *Camille* and the Fryer got home to their Lodgings, where they had leiſure to recollect themſelves, to laugh at their Cullies Credulities, and to prepare againſt the time of going under the Marchioneſſes Window.

Mean time the Governour and the Marqueſs are carried with all the diligence poſſible unto the Priſon, contriving all the way how to pu-

niſh this wicked and moſt abominable Fryer; at laſt they get thither, and preſently inquire of the Keeper where was the Fryer. What Fryer do you mean, reply'd the Keeper? Father *Andrew*, Father *Andrew*, reply'd the Marqueſs haſtily; I hope you have not let him go, continued he? Never talk of that, ſaid the Governour, where is he, where is he? What have you done with him? ſaid the Marqueſs. The Keeper amaz'd at their carneſt inquiries, ſtood ſtaring ſometime on one, ſometime on the other, without ſaying a word. Pray, ſays the Governour to him, convey us where he is, and if you can, ſo as that we may ſee him without diſcovering our ſelves: Nay, it were much better, now I think on't, ſaid the Marqueſs, to place us ſo as that we might hear him diſcourſe with the Pilgrim, and not be ſeen. Doubtleſs, replyed the Governour, but we ſhould make ſome notable

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diſcoveries, and therefore go let him into the Pilgrim, while we ſtay here till you come back to lead us where we may hear them. Let it be as of your own accord, ſaid the Marqueſs, and be quick, for I long to hear what new piece of Villany they are conſulting of; at this they both pauſing a while, wondring that the Keeper did not ſtir, he had time to ſay, I aſſure you, My Lord, that you have both ſo ſurpriz'd me, I know not what to think, much leſs what to ſay; neither do I ſcarce know where, or who I am; I have heard you all this while, ſpeak of a Fryer and a Pilgrim, but I know no more what you mean by it, than the Man in the Moon. Then rubbing of his Eyes, and yawning, Let me ſee, continu'd he, am I aſleep ſtill, or do I wake? Though I was ſlee p-ing when you came, certainly I am now awake, or how ſhould I ſtand thus elſe, continued he ſtrut-

ting, and ſpeak thus to you; nay, ſee and hear you too? And yet I do proteſt to you, that I know nothing at all of any Fryers being here: At this the Marqueſs ſhew'd him the Letter, and ſaid, did you not ſend me this Letter, about half an hour ſince? Who I, ſend a Letter, reply'd the Keeper? I was then dreaming of other things, I can aſſure you, continued he; and I have neither writ, ſent, or ſo much as thought of a Letter, this day, except that which I ſent you from the Pilgrim a while ſince; then looking on the Letter, which the Marqueſs had given him; neither is this my hand writing, alas! I could never write a quarter ſo well: This the Keepers ſtory, made the Marqueſs and the Governour, in their turn to be mute and look on one another; they concluded that this had been ſome trick of their Wives, not without ſome deſigns: As for mine, ſaid the Governour, ſhe is

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at preſent ſafe enough from doing any miſchief of that nature: And mine, ſaid the Marqueſs, has not had a Pen and Ink ſince I have Married her, except the Devil has ſupply'd her with one of late; I rather believe, that it is that curſed Fryer himſelf, that has thus ſham'd us: But to what purpoſe, reply'd the Governour? To nothing that is good, you may be certain, anſwer'd the Marqueſs; and for my part I will haſten home, where I think my preſence more neceſſary than here; with that they took leave of one another, and went each to their own home.

So ſoon as the Governour was return'd, he inquir'd of his Servants who had been there, they anſwer'd him, no body, but the little ancient Gentleman whom he had ſent to fetch the other Gentleman, that had been left in the Chamber to watch for the Pilgrim. How, ſaid the Governour, a man

left in the Chamber to watch for the Pilgrim. How? said the Governour, a man left in the Chamber, and now gone out, while you two stand at the Door and permit it? With that drawing his Sword, You Villains, continued he, I'll be the death of you both; how many were there to force him from you? What resistance have you made? And if you were over-power'd, shew me your wounds? Where is the blood that you have spill'd in making opposition? At these high words, both the poor Fellows, falling on their knees, gave him an exact account of the whole passage, and with tears in their Eyes, ask'd him pardon for their Error. The Governour presently enter'd the Chamber, and while he was considering where this person could be hid, he was thinking also who it should be; at last, he concluded that there was some great mistake in the business, and did believe that the Marques had lighted on the wrong Pilgrim, who

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he had ſecured while the damn'd right one had been hid in his Wives Chamber, whence his ſpecial agent, that wicked Father *Andrew*, had got him out by framing of that Letter: This did ſet him in ſuch a rage, that he would not ſo much as give the Marqueſs an account of his thoughts, which he concluded to be certain; but the next morning early he went to the Monaſtery, whence having taken out his Wife, he return'd with her to *Barcellonna*, where he us'd her as he pleas'd.

The Marqueſs, all this while, had not been wanting in diligently inquiring of all the Servants, who had been there, and examining of the two Guardian Women, ſo tormenting them, that one of them nam'd *Zora*, being tyred out with his frivolous repeated queſtions, and fretting at his unreaſonable threatning of them, for letting his Wife have the conveniency of writing, ſhe knowing her ſelf innocent, did at laſt tell the Marqueſs, that there

was no Hell, like living with a Man ſo ſtrangely jealous as he was, which did ſet the Marqueſs in ſuch a fury, that he ſtruck her, which made her run into the Marchioneſſes Chamber with Tears in her Eyes: The Marchioneſs as'kd what was the matter, to which *Zora* anſwered; That, Madam, which in a ſhort time ſhall turn to your advantage. The Marchioneſs who had deſign'd to ſit up till the Marqueſs was return'd, leaſt that he going his uſual rounds before going to Bed, ſhould meet with the Letter, which his Wife did intend for *Camille*; hearing that the Marqueſs was coming to bed, went and dropp'd the Letter, ſo retiring, ſhe put her ſelf in Bed; while the Marqueſs was undreſſing he did nothing but grumble, fret, and threaten, in a word, the falſe Letter had ſet him quite out of humour.

The hour come, which was about the darkeſt part of the Night, *Camille* got over the Wall with the active Father *Andrew* into the Garden; for though the good Father had no great buſineſs there, yet he lov'd ſo well the ſport, that *Camille* could not prevail with him to ſtay at home: They were not got half way the walk, which led from the Garden Door to the Houſe, when Father *Andrew*, whoſe Eyes were always upon the watch, did perceive ſomething that mov'd at the end of the other end; this put him to a ſtand, and made him take *Camille* by the arm, and hold him back: Stay, ſaid he, I think I ſee ſome body that is waiting for us, let us retire while we can, for fear of a ſurprize: *Camille* looking earneſtly alſo, ſaid, I do ſee ſomething move, but is not tall enough to be a man, and I rather believe that it is ſome Dog, which though not ſo dangerous, may, I fear diſcover

cover us, and ſpoil our deſign. Father *Andrew* was for a retreat, and *Camille* was for leaving the broad Walk, and ſtriking into the leſſer Allies to go round by the Wall ſide to diſcover what it were, without being perceiv'd;but the good Father having no inclination to venture any further,ſaid, that he was ſure it was no Dog,and that he would ſtay under the next Tree, while *Camille* ſhould go make the diſcovery. *Camille* agreed to it, and went by the Wall ſide till he came near enough to diſtinguiſh that it was a Monkey that had broke looſe from ſome of the Neighbourhood, who having found the Letter that the Marchioneſs had thrown there, he had torn it open, and was playing with it. *Camille* was glad that it was no worſe, yet knew not which way to go about to get the Letter from that little unlucky Creature; he was ſtill drawing nearer to him, when the Monkey did perceive him,

him, which made him chatter ſo faſt and ſo loud, all the while tearing of the Letter, that *Camille* thought there was no time to loſe, therefore he ſuddenly ruſh'd upon the Monkey, who being too nimble for him, did run away, ſqueeking ſo loud that the Marqueſs being alarm'd at it, did preſently get to the Window, with a Piſtol in his hand, and perceiving *Camille* who was very buſie in gathering up the pieces of Paper, that the Monkey had ſcatter'd, he diſcharg'd it at him, but to no effect.

Father *Andrew*, at the noiſe of the Piſtol, did run as faſt as he could towards the place where they had left the Ladder of Ropes hanging, by which they had got over, but meeting by chance with the Monkey, which he took for a Man, his fears magnifying all objects, he ran counter, and knowing no better way, finding himſelf near a high Tree, he preſently climbs

climbes to the top of it, where he hid himself amongst the thickest of the Leaved Branches.

Camille having gathered all that he could find of the pieces of Paper, made what haste he could towards the place of retreat, and not seeing Father *Andrew*, as he pass'd by, he concluded that he was gone, which made him to follow after. By this the Marquess and his Servants were got into the Garden, with Guns, Pistols, Swords, and other Weapons, they search every Bush, Hedge, and Corner, but find no body, the Marquess sees a piece of Paper lying upon the ground, he takes it up, and puts it into his Pocket to peruse some other time; he was too busy then, neither had he light enough to do it. Some run to the back Gate, which is found shut, they perceive some Morter and Stones newly dropp'd from the Wall which made them conclude that they were Thievs gone

gone that way out, ſo that they were all returning in.

As the Marqueſs was paſſing under a Tree, he was hit on the Hat with a piece of withered Branch, at which he preſently looks up, and perceives ſomething to move; herejoices within himſelf already, thathe had found theRobbersofhisHonour, and commands ſome of his Servants to get up, and fetch them down, dead or a live. While he was pondering what Torments and Racks he ſhould make them endure, ſome of the Servants being got up, they heard a ſtrange chattering, for the Monky who had caus'd the dryed bow to fall, finding himſelf purſued ſo cloſe, made ſuch a noiſe as preſently gave to underſtand to his purſuers the Nature of the Beaſt. But the Marqueſs's diſtruſtful Nature, making him ſuſpect that it might be ſome Counterfeit, he commanded his Servants to purſue and take him. The unlucky nimble

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Creature, having no other way to avoid his purſuers, he leaps from the Tree he was on to the next, where ſat the moſt diſtreſſed Father *Andrew*, whom the fooliſh Creature taking to be one of his Enemies, he began to ſqueek and chatter more than ever: Thoſe that were upon the abandon'd Tree having given notice of their Preys removal; the Marqueſs ſent ſome up the other Tree, on which both the delinquents were retreated; one of the climbers went ſo high after this little troubleſom Annimal, that he perceiv'd a certain pair of Legs, that did not belong unto ſo ſmall a Beaſt as a Monkey. The poor Father now perceiving that he was diſcovered, paſt all hopes of Redemption, was recommending his caſe to all the He and She Saints, beſides the Eleven thouſand Virgins; when his fierce Enemy cry'd, *Oh! have I found you out? I'll fetch you down preſently:* This dreadful threatning

threatning did ſet him into ſuch an horror and fear, that it caus'd him to drop down ſomething, which his anguiſh would not let him retain any longer, juſt in the nick of time as the fellow was gaping and looking up; which did light ſo full upon his Face, that it ſtopt his Mouth from telling any more tales for that bout; and blinded him ſo, that going to clear his Eyes with his Hands, he was ſo unfortunate as to let go his hold, which made him fall to the ground, whence he was carried away ſpeechleſs. This ſad accident put an end to the Chace; for the Marqueſs thinking that there was too much miſchief done already, in the purſuit of a Monkey, did give order to all his Servants to retreat, and let the Beaſt alone, which they preſently obey'd, taking the dead along with them.

Father *Andrew* having overheard the ſad acciden', that had been the

the cauſe of his ſad and ſafe deliverance ; after he had return'd thanks to all his Advocates, (though he thought his own induſtry very inſtrumental in it, which made him ever after, to rely very much on his own merits) finding the Coaſt clear, he comes down the Tree, and goes toward the place, by which he had come in, whereon he was looking very melancholick, having no hopes of getting out of the Garden, when he perceives a head peeping over the Garden-Wall : at the firſt hisf ears were going to make him run to his old poſt again ; but preſently recollecting himſelf, he thought that it could not be any one of the Houſe ; becauſe that whoever did look over the Wall, muſt be in the Street : A little after he perceiv'd that it was *Camille*; who having not found him at home, was return'd with the Ladder of Ropes to get him off, if he was not taken. The poor Father

ther did presently get over, and without speaking one word, he run as fast as he could to his Lodgings, where he gave *Camille* a full account of the whole adventure, while he was fitting every bit of Paper to it's right place, which having done he read it as follows.

THE news of your double deliverance, has been no-less welcome to me, than the knowledge of your continuing in the generous resolution of assisting a poor afflicted Woman, wherein you express so much Charity, as sets you right in my Opinion, in spight of all that had been laid to your charge; some new Visions which my Husband has had, since the industrious old Woman was here, has so chang'd that fortunate good humour that he was in then, into a furious malice against me; that by some words which the excess of his passion drives forth, I had some Jealousies that he may attempt something on my Life,

Life, or at leaſt remove me very ſpeedily, where I ſhall be miſerably mew'd up for the reſt of my days without any future hopes of a deliverance; I have no way to divert this ſudden and dangerous ſtorm from falling on me, but by ſheltring my ſelf under the pretence of a fit of ſickneſs, which may retard his deſigns, till you have leiſure and conveniency to work my Liberty. I wiſh you could find a way to play the Phyſitian, as well as I ſhall act the Patients part, then I ſhould hope that my freedom were at hand, and then you might with juſtice expect from me a reward ſutable to your Signal Services, which could be no leſs, than all that I am able to diſpoſe of, without any prejudice to my honour and to vertue. Endeavour to——

When *Camille* came to that word, Endeavour, which intimated, by the abrupt breaking off, that there was

was ſomething wanting of the Letter; which he having left behind, had doubtleſs fallen into the Marqueſs his hands; that joy, which had been ſcrew'd up almoſt to an exceſs, by every Character of the Letter, was inſtantly daſh'd to pieces, at the want of that ſmall piece of Paper, which he fancied did contain great matters, and of ſuch weight peradventure, as might enlighten the Marqueſs to the great prejudice, if not total ruine of the whole deſign: while he was thus left in the dark, he gave to that word a thouſand interpretations, all of very dangerous conſequences. He call'd himſelf a thouſand fools, for leaving any pieces of Paper behind him; he as many times curſt that miſchievous Creature, that had been the cauſe of it, and as oft he call'd himſelf unhappy and miſerable; but all this would not bring the wanting piece of Paper to the reſt; and

that

that which added much to his sorrow, was the coldness which he found in Father *Andrew*, as to any further attempts in his behalf; the very thoughts of the late dangers, in which he had so lately been ingag'd, did make him die with very fear; not knowing but that the piece of Paper that was wanting, might inform the Marquess of the mistery of the Glove; so that *Camille* had much to do to buoy him up in that Sea of fears and perplexities, wherein the dejected Father was almost over-whelm'd; yet after that *Camille* had read the Letter, and assur'd him, that there could be no such sence attributed to that word, representing to him, the caution with which the Marchioness did always accompany all her actions, and the utter ruin of all his hopes, if he should relent, and hearken; but when he understood what advantages and preferment, *Camille* did promise him, if the business were once accomplish'd, with

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the Golden earneſt, which *Camille* did inſtantly give him in hand of it; he was quite vanquiſh'd, his hard-heartedneſs did vaniſh with his ſears, ſo that he promis'd not to forſake ſo bountiful a Friend, in time of need; No, ſaid, he it ſhall never be ſaid, that Father *Andrew* did once undertake an amorous intriegue, and left it off before it was accompliſh'd, eſpecially acting for a Patron of power and willingneſs to protect me, from all troubles and inconveniences; with that, calling for a glaſs of Wine to chear up his Spirits, and ſtay his ſtomach, till brakefaſt was ready, he drank to *Camille*, a Health to the beautiful Marchioneſs, and to their good ſucceſs; *Camille* was not backwards in giving him all the incouragements that he could imagin; a little after, brakefaſt was brought up, and they having eaten, drank, and diſcours'd merrily, they laid themſelves to reſt, till it was time to return with the Glove.

Mean

Mean time the Marqueſs was poſſeſt with a more violent rage than ever. The Fellow that was carried in dead, after the adminiſtring of ſome Cordials and bleedings, coming to himſelf again, had declared, that he had ſeen a Man on the very uppermoſt branches of that Tree, off of which he had fallen, who caſting ſome thing in his Eyes, while he was looking up, had caus'd him to let go his hold, which was the occaſion of his fall, juſt when he was giving notice of his diſcovery. The Marqueſs had preſently ſent divers Servants to ſearch every Tree in the Garden, while he himſelf viſited all the underwoods; all to no purpoſe, the Featherleſs Bird being flown long before; ſo that being return'd to his Wifes Chamber, he had given a full vent unto his fury, with ſuch threatnings, which tended to the giving her of a *Spaniſh* Fig, that there were cauſes to fear ſome ſuch

ſad effect, at ſome time or other This did ſtrike ſuch a terror in the Marchioneſs's mind, that ſhe had no occaſion to counterfeit, for ſhe fell into a feaver, though not very violent. Then ſhe took a full reſolution, in order to ſave her own life, to make uſe of the Pilgrim's offers; though ſhe had once been in the mind to refuſe them, fearing that he ſhould expect, as a reward, that which ſhe could not, not ought not to give.

This ſudden illneſs of the Marchioneſs, did make the Marqueſs, ſo ſoon as the fury of his paſſion was over, to ſend for a Phyſitian, by the ſolicitation of *Zora*, which were joyn'd to her Ladies deſires; yet with ſo much diſcretion, that the Marqueſs took no further notice of it. A Servant was going for a Doctor, when at the Street-Door he met with the old peddling Woman, who was come to bring back the Glove. Who deſired to

have it delivered to the Marchioneſs; the Servant anſwered, that it could not be now, becauſe that ſhe was fallen very ill of a ſudden of a Feaver, and that he was ſent to ſeek for a Doctor; but that being a Stranger, he knew not where to go. Alas! a-well-a-day, ſaid the old Woman, I am heartily ſorry for it, and ſhe has been ſo good a Cuſtomer to me, that I will bring you to the moſt eminent Doctor in Town; but he is a great Humouriſt, and a Man of very few words; and you muſt let me alone to perſuade him to go. The Fellow, glad of the opportunity, goes with the brisk old Woman, who returns to *Camille*, and leaving the Fellow below, while ſhe goes up to perſuade the famous Doctor; ſhe runs up to *Camille*, and informs him of the buſineſs, then preſently going down to the Servant, ſhe told him, that he ſhould return home and tell them, that a Doctor would be with them

them immediately; and withall gave him the Glove to deliver to ſome of the Marchioneſs's Women, with which the Fellow return'd home, very well contented.

Father *Andrew* having thus acted the ſecond part of the old Woman, he returns up to *Camille*, very glad that he had quitted his hands of that dangerous Glove; he preſently adviſes *Camille* to write his mind, that he might give it to the Marchioneſs, while he felt her Pulſe, and that he would take care to go to ſome Jew-Broker, and hire what was neceſſary to make a Doctor of *Camille*; *Camille* preſently falls a-writing, and Father *Andrew* goes, and in a trice returns again, with all things fitting, *Camille* having written theſe few lines.

Part of your Letter was loſt, I fear your Husband has found it; I am come to receive new orders, all delays for the future will be of dan-

gerous consequences, therefore conclude on something against I visit you next, and I shall act accordingly,

He inserted in them these following lines.

Beauty, Madam, is not purely Ornamental, it has its other lustres and advantages likewise, which speak its celestial origine, and renders it as admirable, as it is Divine; as its powerful influences, which do produce such wonderful effects do daily verify. With what eagerness has it made the greatest Conquerours, in all Ages, to prostrate themselves before it, and to lay their Trophies at the Feet of her Altars, leaving all their other concerns unregarded, to give themselves wholly up to the admiration of its excellency? With what precipitation have the greatest Monarchs descended from their Thrones, to pay homage unto its Imperial Greatness? No Rank, Quality,

ty, or Condition, escapes its power, Madam. The Priests have desisted addressing of their Vows and Prayers to their neglected Deities, to offer at her Shrine, their Incense and Adoration. And the Grave Philosophers have laid aside their numerous Volumes, to give themselves up wholly unto the contemplation of its Causes and Effects; while the whole Creation stands in an amazement at the Glory thereof. Heroes will readily change their Swords for Palmers Staves; Kings and Emperours will convert their Scepters into Sheepherds Hooks; Priests will turn their Bloody Sacrifices, and Enthusiastick Raptures, into fragrant Offerings, and melodious Layes: Sour Philosophers, will neglect their more crabbed part of Learning to Dream of Elizium Fields; all Conditions will forget their Interests, and transform themselves into all manner of Forms, to render themselves agreeable, and obsequiously subservient to its Commands.

It is true, Madam, that like unto other Divinities, Beauty does make use of ſecondary Cauſes, to work thoſe wonderful Effects. But it chiefly employs Love, that powerful Agent, wherewith it fills all Hearts with ſuch a Divine Flame, as inſpires and incites thoſe whoſe Boſoms are warmed with it, to perform the greateſt actions: For, without it, Madam, whoever did attain to more than common things? But when once a Heart is quickned by that ſubtle Fire, what dangerous Enterpriſes, what difficult Attempts, and what intricate Deſigns are there, which are not undertaken with as much celerity, and eagerneſs, as they are performed with vigour and good ſucceſs?

No wonder, Madam, if ſome Sparks of that Celeſtial Fire, having alighted upon my prepared Heart, they have fill'd it with a moſt paſſionate deſire to become a votary unto the Altars of your excellent Beauty,

to

to the excluſion of all other Terreſtrial devotion. Deign therefore, Madam, to accept of the Offerings which I make unto you of it, and be pleas'd to reward, in due time, its fidelity and perſeverance, with ſome grains of reciprocal affection.

Theſe lines which were both a Panegyrick to Beauty, and a declaration of Love, did raiſe ſuch a tender vail of tincture over all the Lillies of the Marchioneſs's Cheeks, as did almoſt termine into bluſhes, when ſhe read them; ſhe gueſt at what the Pilgrim did aim, which at all other times would have caus'd her to break all further correſpondency with him, but as things ſtood then, not knowing how to mend her ſelf for the preſent, ſhe was glad of any opportunity, and to employ all ſorts of Inſtruments; leaving to her ſelf the management of the conſequences hereafter.

Camille was instantly fitted, while the good Father accoutres himself to personate the Mule-driver. They were just got ready, when news was brought up, that the Marques his Servant was come again for the Doctor: They go immediately, the Servant leads the Van, our new vamp'd Doctor is in the Main, and Father *Andrew* brings up the Rear; they come to the Marques his Door, the Doctor alights from his grave Beast, and is conducted up into the Lady's Chamber, which was made so dark, because that the light did offend her Eyes, and caus'd her Head to ake, that the Doctor was forc'd to be conducted to the Bedside, by one of her Women; there he feels her Pulse, gives her the Letter, and making as if he ask'd her some private questions, he steals a kiss from her Hand, and another from her Lips, after which he retires at some little distance from the

Bed

Bed side; after which the Marquess, who had stood all the while near the Window, came and accosted the Doctor, inquiring of him, how he found his Patient, and what hopes there was; to which he made no other answer, than that he would quickly go and prescribe for her; and that when she had taken what he would send, he would be better able to give him an account; with that the Marquess gives him his Fee, and away goes our Doctor.

The Marquess returning into his Wives Chamber from conducting the Doctor, he is met by *Zora*, who tells him that the Marchioness would sleep, which made him retire, and take along with him the other Woman, that their chat might not disturb her rest.

Zora being left single with her Lady in her Chamber, she asks how she does, and the Marchioness finding her self something better than

ſhe had been, told her ſo, after which *Zora* falls down on her knees by the Bed ſide, and with tears in her Eyes, ſhe began to ſpeak thus unto her Lady.

Madam, you may ſuſpect, and with much Reaſon and Juſtice, that whatſoever I ſhall ſay to you, may be to your prejudice, and with a deſign to intrap you, and make you more miſerable yet, than you are; and of truth I muſt needs confeſs, that when I conſider with what exactneſs I have obſerv'd and executed your Husbands orders, even with that ſeverity, which was beyond his expectation, in which I have ſhewn my ſelf moſt inhumane towards one of my own Sex, though far above me in merits, and all ſorts of reſpects; I then deſpair of ever prevailing with you, to add faith to what I ſhall ſay. Therefore, Madam, I muſt be fore'd to make uſe of ſomething more than my bare words and relation, to convince

vince you of the ſincerity of my preſent intentions: Yet thus much I have to ſay for my ſelf; that all the cruel ſeverity that I have ever exercis'd againſt you, has never proceeded from any particular averſion, hatred, or prejudice, that I could have againſt your perſon, but from meer intereſt and greedineſs of profit, which made me think, that the more ſevere I ſhould expreſs my ſelf againſt you, the better I ſhould be rewarded by him that had employ'd me; I was a poor miſerable Creature ready to periſh for want, when the Marqueſs took me into his ſervice, to be one of the inſtruments of his cruelty towards you; and finding the comforts of a full Table, warm covering, and other refreſhments, beſides the hopes of laying up ſomething againſt my old age, which is coming on very faſt, and then reflecting with horrour, on my late

and

and miſerable condition; the apprehenſions and dread of returning unto that woful ſtate again, and the obligations which I thought that I owed unto my Benefactor, were the true promoters of all the ſorrows, troubles, and afflictions which you have ſince ſuſtained through my means. But, Madam, contiued ſhe, there is no heart, though never ſo hard and cruel, but at ſome time or other will relent, and give way unto ſome ſparks of compaſſion: ſince our arrival at *Saragoſſa*, I have had now and then ſome remorſe and pitty of your condition, which has ſometime made me wiſh, that it were my Fortune to get a livelihood by any other means, than ſuch as did appear to me to be againſt all the Rules of Humanity and Religion. This has made me to reflect upon the ſeverity, with which you have met on all hands, (excepting Heaven, who has plentifully recompenc'd you in all the accom-

accompliſhments of the body and mind.) Firſt from your Parents, as I have been inform'd, who contrary to your inclinations, did force you to marry a Perſon, whom you had declared you hated, and for whom you could never have any Love; but on the contrary, that you look'd upon him as the greateſt of your Enemies. Then, Madam, when I added to this, that cruel Tyranny, that your jealous Husbands humour has caus'd him to exerciſe over you, without the leaſt occaſion imaginable, ſince the very firſt moment that he could call you his, and the examplary patience, with which you have endured all his unkindneſſes: Theſe things have made me divers times wiſh that you were freed from that ſlavery in which you languiſh. But when lately, as I was looking out of the Window, I did ſee that Pilgrim, who for your ſake has ſuffer'd ſo much already, to be dragg'd and hal'd

hal'd to Prison, with as little compassion, as if it had been a Dog, it came within my thoughts, that if this poor Gentleman did suffer so much for your sake, only for endeavouring to free you from that misery you groan under; what did I deserve, that was one of the unworthy instruments of your afflictions. Yet, Madam, this is not all; that which has concluded this through Reformation in me, are those Words that your Husband does frequently let fall in his passions of late; which speak as if he would attempt something against your Life: Those indeed reach'd to my very Heart. These things, Madam, have made me enter into some serious considerations within my self, from them I am come to reflections, and those have brought me to a firm resolution, rather to perish, than to live through so unworthy means as I do at present; and to prefer your liber-

liberty and content, unto that proſpect which I had of making my Fortune, by continuing to be your Keeper: Not without hopes, Madam, that if you ſhould get out of your Bondage, through my aſſiſtance, you would conſider my Services, and make up my loſſes another way. And now, Madam, to confirm what I have ſaid, and convince you, that it proceeds from a due ſenſe of your miſeries, which has produced a perfect and ſincere repentance in me; be pleas'd to look on this Paper: With that ſhe gave the Marchioneſs that Paper, which the Marqueſs had taken up in the Garden; telling her that the Marqueſs, pulling out his Handkerchief, had dropp'd it; and that ſhe having taken it up, look'd on it, and found it did ſo much concern her, ſhe kept it to give it her, notwithſtanding the great inquiries and ſearch which the Marqueſs had made after it, ſhe having flat-

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ly deny'd to him, that she had seen any. The Marchioness having taken it, read as follows.

——*The Doctor, as you have formerly the Pilgrim, give me an account of your resolutions, by the counterfeit old Woman, when she brings me the Glove, who was so excellently disguis'd, that I did not know the good Father* Andrew, *till he had given me some signs of it.*

That was enough to let the Marchioness know, that this was the latter part of her Letter to the Pilgrim, which she had dropp'd out of her Window. This did fully confirm her, that *Zora* was a true Convert, which did give her very great satisfaction, but when she thought that her Husband had seen it, by which he would discover the whole Plot, she visibly chang'd colour, and was yielding to her sorrow, when *Zora* told her that she should be chearful, and hope the best; for by the Marquess his silence, and not inquiring after the

the old Woman, mention'd in that Paper; it is, Madam, continued she, an argument that he has not read it, he would be so impatient otherwise to be reveng'd of Father *Andrew*, whom he mortally hates, that he could not have forborn inquiring after the old Woman an hundred times over; and besides, Madam, presently after he had let fall the Paper, he seem'd much troubled, and was looking up and down for it; which makes me conclude, that he has not read it. The confusion that he was in at first, by the fall of the man from the Tree, having certainly put it out of his Head, and when he had lost it then he thought of it again. But what confirms me most of all, is, that when the Glove was given to my fellow Servant, she was met by the Marquess, who only looking on it, did return it her again, without speaking one word more, than asking whether the Woman was paid for it. That

That indeed is ſignificant, then ſaid the Marchioneſs: and now *Zora*, I find that I may breathe again; I believe your Converſion to be ſincere and real; and I do aſſure you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to repent it; but on the contrary, the ſooner you ſerve me in my deſigns, of freeing my ſelf from that ſlavery in which I live, under continual apprehenſions of loſing my life, and perpetual reproaches and affronts without cauſe, the ſooner you will feel the effects of my bounty, which I do aſſure you ſhall extend to the making you happy the reſidue of your days. I wanted but a Woman to aſſiſt me in my reſolutions; and now I have thee, I ſhall willingly embrace the ſuccour and aſſiſtance which the Pilgrim does offer me. I did fear, before, to fall alone, into the hands of a young man, who was an abſolute Stranger to me and might peradventure take all the advantages that could

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be againſt me, and expect ſuch rewards as virtue would forbid me to give: but now I will firſt make my own terms, and oblige him to put me into thoſe hands that I ſhall think fit; for my deſign being not to wholly abandon my Husband, but to retire from his paſſions, till by ſome Friends, a better underſtanding is wrought between us, and ſo return to him again; if my deliverer ſhould require more of me than my honour would permit me to allow of, I ſhould let him know his miſtake, and this I have ſome reaſons to fear from his carriage in his late viſit, under the habit of a Phyſitian. Here *Zora* did reiterate her Proteſtations, aſſuring the Marchioneſs that ſhe needed but to command, and ſhe ſhould find how readily ſhe would obey, even with the hazzard of her Life. I am ſatisfied, continued the Marchioneſs, and to confirm it to you, prepare your ſelf to follow the Doctor,

ctor, ſo ſoon as he ſhall return, for I will ſend you after him with a Letter, in which I will fully declare my mind to him, and make my own conditions, before I put my ſelf into his hands, and you ſhall bring me back a full and poſitive anſwer. *Zora* told the Marchioneſs, that ſhe would preſently ask the Marqueſs leave to go forth, to ſee a Kinſwoman of hers, that liv'd in Town, and that under that pretence ſhe would wait on the Doctor. This being concluded on, the Marchioneſs bid her go call in her fellow Servant to ſtay by her, while ſhe ſhould go get her Pen, Ink, and Paper, and convey it into her Cloſet, where ſhe would go and write the Letter to the Pilgrim, under pretence of going to her devotions; *Zora* being gone, and the other Woman come in her place, the Marchioneſs laid her ſelf upon her Bed again not ſo much to ſleep, as to reflect on *Camille*'s boldneſs.

She

She fear'd that that Perſon who had had the confidence to kiſs her, ſo ſoon as he came near her, while her Husband and her Guardians were in the Chamber, would attempt more if he ſhould once have her in his poſſeſſion, and without company, and her apprehenſions did ſo increaſe, the more ſhe did think on it, that without that aſſiſtance which ſhe did expect from the Convert *Zora*, ſhe had not ſo much as writ to the Pilgrim further, than juſt to let him know that her mind was alter'd, and therefore had no further occaſion of his aſſiſtance, but ſhe thought that through *Zora's* aid ſhe might ſo order things, as to continue Miſtreſs of her ſelf, though got from her Husband by the Pilgrims help, eſpecially making her conditions with him before-hand; therefore ſo ſoon as *Zora* was return'd, and had made her ſigns, that the writing tools were in a readineſs; the

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Marchioneſs pretending to go to her Prayers, did lock her ſelf up in her Cloſet, where ſhe wrote to the Pilgrim.

She had but juſt ended her Letter, when the Woman knock'd at her Cloſet Door, and told her that the Doctor had ſent ſomething for her to take. She preſently came out, ſaying that ſhe was much better than ſhe had been in the morning, and that ſhe hop'd the worſt was paſt for that preſent; but that however ſhe would take ſomething for two or three days to prevent a return; and therefore deſired that the Doctor ſhould come again at Night to give her a viſit.

Father *Andrew* who was now the Doctors man, gave the Marchioneſs a Bottle of Julep, and a Paper in which was written how ſhe was to take it, and told the Marchioneſs, that his Maſter had commanded him to aſſure her he would give her a viſit at night, to learn how her remedy

remedy did agree with her. The Marchioneſs having ſomething to ſay to the Doctors Man, ſhe ſent the Woman out of the Chamber of an errand, bidding her ſend in her fellow Servant in the mean time; the Woman was no ſooner gone out, and the other come in, but the Marchioneſs told the good Father that *Zora* was become one of them, that ſhe would ſend her to the Pilgrim with a Letter before he ſhould come to her at night, to inform him of ſome matters, that therefore he ſhould preſently tell her where their Lodgings were. The Father had but juſt inform'd her, when the Marqueſs was heard coming to the Chamber-Door, which made them to change their diſcourſe: the Marqueſs enter'd, and ſeeing the Doctors Man, and the Julep Bottle ſtanding upon the Table: *what*, ſaid he, *is this what the Doctor has order'd for my Wife to take? and what directions has ſhe?* Father

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Andrew who was more fearful of being known by his voice, than by being ſeen, becauſe that ſo ſoon as they had heard the Marqueſs coming they had drawn the Window Curtains, and gone to the darkeſt part of the room, he was wiping his face, in lieu of anſwering, which made the Marchioneſs, who gueſt at the cauſe of his ſilence, to anſwer that he had given her directions; Let's ſee them ſaid the Marqueſs; It was only by word of mouth, replyed the Marchioneſs. I am of opinion, ſaid the Marqueſs, that my Wife ſhould be blooded, and that it ſhould have been the firſt thing ſhould have been done; I am ſure ſhe wants it, her blood is hot enough, too hot I have reaſon to fear. The Marchioneſs not taking the leaſt notice of what the Marqueſs had ſaid, made anſwer that ſhe would have the man return preſently to his Maſter, and deſire him to come again ſo ſoon as he

he could, and then that they ſhould conſult about it. With this the Doctor's man very glad of this meſſage ſcrap'd a Leg, and did not ſtay to be bid once again; preſently the Woman that the Marchioneſs had ſent out came in, and told the Marqueſs, that there was ſomebody without, that would ſpeak with him: This made him go ſee who it was; mean time, the Marchioneſs, under pretence to go make an end of her Devotions, return'd into her Cloſet, where having open'd the Papers of Directions, ſhe found writ as follows.

Madam, I have had the advice of ſome able Phyſitians, and through their Preſcripts, I have got this cooling pleaſant Julep: Which if you pleaſe you may make uſe of, or elſe diſpoſe of it other ways. I fear very much, that we loſe that time which, peradventure, we may never recover again; therefore ſend me

word, what you have resolv'd upon and what it is that I must do for your Service. If you have not now the opportunity of sending me your mind, get it ready writ against I come at night to visit you, I chuse the darkness for fear of some discoveries.

In this Paper there was another, which the Marchioness did hastily unfold, for fear of being interrupted, and in it she found written as follows.

TEll me not, beautious Cloris, *tell not me,*
Of the strickt Guards on the Hesperian *Tree,*
The brave adventuring at the tempting Fruit,
Is when the Dragon is most watchful to't;
And dangers, Cloris, *in what I adore,*
Whets my Ambition, and I dare the more;
By what sweet Stealths did I hastily sip
Cœlestial Nectar from your Hand and Lip,
While he that might e'en surfeit with those Blisses,
Ne'er knew the quintessence of such soft kisses,
Kisses, which made my heart so fiercely glow,
That 'twill not cool again, till quench'd in Snow,
That blood-warm Snow, which on your Bosom lies
Unthaw'd, though fall'n so near those Suns your Eyes;
Then o're your beauties I would careless stray,
In those Meanders even lose my way:
For if it were my hap so lost to be,
Where is that Mortal would not envy me?

Thele

These Verses did sensibly touch the Marchioness: *Camille's* confident action had already rais'd a passion in her to his disadvantage. But this his glorying in it, and the publishing of his future intentions, did make her to repent the confidence which she had repos'd in an absolute Stranger, and to begin to hate that person, for whom she had so lately had an esteem; she tore in pieces the Letter which she had written to *Camille*, thinking though it was reserved enough, that it had not that severity in it, as she ought to make use of, to defeat such presumptuous designs. Yet when she consider'd again, that without his assistance she must continue to live miserable; and peradventure all her life time without any hopes of relief, if she let slip this opportunity: she knew not what to resolve; on the one hand, she adventur'd her self into the power of a wild young man,

who might make use of all the advantages that his fortune and opportunity would give him, having no assistance against the unrulines of his passions, but what a poor silly Woman, as *Zora* was, could afford her; neither did know but that she might easily be corrupted by Money, that had been once before won by the same Allurements to become her Tormenter. On the other hand, she had no other hopes of escape, nor no other prospect of getting for some time out of the way of her incensed Husbands rage. She could not promise to her self any other help, but what she might expect from his assistance, which if not so generous, and so disinteressed as she took it to be at first, was without choice, and to be accepted of, or lose all hopes of future release: In these perplexities, having for some time remain'd bandying to and fro in her self a thousand designs, she at last

laſt reſolves to break all his meaſures, and to diſappoint him beforehand of the expectation of all other rewards, which he might promiſe himſelf, beyond what a modeſt grateful acknowledgement would afford him, with the concurrency of her Purſe. In this reſolution ſhe put Pen to Paper, and writ her mind to him as follows.

Your late raſhneſs, in taking thoſe advantages, which at that time I could not oppoſe, did ſomething ſtartle that confidence which I had repos'd on your aſſiſtance, which till then I had taken to be diſintereſſed and generous; but your latter boaſting in a vain oſtentation, and preſumptuous Declaration, of what you would do, when I were once within your Power, has turn'd that good Opinion which I had of you, into an averſion of all manner of aid, that can come from ſo dangerous a Perſon as you ſeem to be: You ſtrangely have

miſtaken my intentions, which were but to withdraw my ſelf for ſome time from the dangerous effects of a jealous Husbands ill grounded ſuſpitions, till his preſent furious paſſions were over, and that ſome accomodations had been made to my future advantage. In this yours, or any other worthy perſons ſuccour, had been moſt acceptable to me, had it been grounded upon honourable Principles. I cannot attribute the timely diſcovery, which you have made of the contrary, but unto the kind Heavens, who have been ſo careful in the preſervation of my honour, as to force you to this declaration of your ill intentions, which makes me chuſe rather to venture my Life under the rage of an incenſed Man, than my honour under the power of a Perſon that threatens it before-hand, and at this diſtance. Yet Life is ſweet, and ſince that I ought to endeavour its preſervation, after thoſe threatnings which have lately been given out a-

gainſt

gainſt it. If you will conſent to theſe following Articles; on thoſe conditions, I ſhall accept of your aſſiſtance.

You ſhall ingage in this buſineſs ſome Perſon of Quality of my Sex, in whoſe hands you ſhall reſign me and my Servant, ſo ſoon as I am in your Power; but if your ſmall acquaintance here will not afford it you, you ſhall convey me into a Monaſtery of Women, in this City, where you ſhall leave me in the Cuſtody of the Lady Abbeſs.

You ſhall never make any mention of Love, without particular leave, or any other reward for your Services, than may be expected from my Purſe; but leave me the ſole Judg and Recompencer of your merits in my Eſteem, Friendſhip, and Affections, and to diſpoſe of my favours as I ſhall think fit. Neither ſhall you importune me with unſeaſonable and frequent viſits, but by permiſſion likewiſe.

That at any time that I ſhall deſire it, you ſhall readily and freely return me back to my Husband, where you ſhall leave me.

That you ſhall take a Solemn Oath to perform punctually all theſe things, without any equivocation, or Mental reſervation: Except hereafter, at any time, I diſpence you from any particular Article thereof, by my expreſs Order.

On theſe conditions, I ſhall accept of your offers, and reaſſume that good Opinion which I once had of you.

The Bearer of this to you, is one of my Guardians, who is converted and become ſenſible of the wrongs which I ſuffer: I would have you to truſt her with all our ſecrets; to conſult with her, give her your Oath, and acquaint her with your reſolutions, I have cauſe to believe her true, therefore receive her into our Deſigns.

The Marchioneſs having written this Letter, gave it ſecretly to Zo-

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ra, who was not long before ſhe went with it unto *Camille's* Lodgings; where you may imagin that ſhe was joyfully receiv'd. *Zora* gave *Camille* the Letter, with an account of her Converſion, and full reſolution to aſſiſt them with her life, in the freeing of the Marchioneſs from that ſlavery, under which ſhe lived. *Camille* having, according to his accuſtomed generoſity, fill'd both *Zora's* hands with Gold, he told her that it was but an earneſt of what he intended for her, ſo ſoon as the Marchioneſs were ſet at liberty; he read the Letter, which he had no ſooner done, but that he kiſs'd it, and ſaid, I do declare here to you both, in the preſence of Heaven, that I will exactly perform, and obey every particular Article, and the whole that is injoyn'd to me in this Paper, by the moſt beautiful Marchioneſs, ſo help me Goodneſs. Of this Declaration and Promiſe, I do in-

treat you to inform the Marchioneſs. After this they were contriving of ſome ways to get the Marchioneſs off; *Camille* was for getting of her out at the Window in the Night time; but that was not found to be convenient by *Zora*, who beſt knew how the Marqueſs did uſe to behave himſelf at Nights, how diligently he did watch ſo ſoon as it was but a little darkiſh; ſo that though ſhe ſhould have the opportunity to aſſiſt them at ſome time in her fellow Guardians abſence; yet it would be very difficult to eſcape the Marqueſs his diligence. Father *Andrew*, in his turn, did propoſe ſome other expedients, againſt which *Camille* objected. At laſt *Zora* ſaid, that if they would but give her that Nights time to conſider of it, ſhe made no queſtion that by morning ſhe would, with her Ladies aſſiſtance, find out ſome way better than they had yet propoſed.

You

You do not know, continued she, how ready our Sex is in contriving of intrigues? It is in a manner natural unto us, we need but to lay aside other concerns for a while, and in that time, though never so short, our own inclinations will prompt us to amorous designs; I have one in my Head already, which I could tell you presently, but I will take a little longer time to digest it into better order than it is yet; and besides, I am unwilling to propose any thing of that nature to you, without the Marchioness's consent. I will therefore return to her, that I may get some convenient time to acquaint her with it, and to have her advice and addition of contrivance, against you come to give her a visit in the Evening. *Camille* approving of her discretion, dismiss'd her, desiring her to be faithful and active, and that he would be careful to gratify her, in an ample manner.

It

It was not long before that *Zora* got home, where ſhe met with the Marqueſs, who told her that he was glad to ſee her ſo diligent, and that ſeeing ſhe had been ſo, ſhe ſhould have his conſent another time to go out; that he was ſorry for what his paſſion had made him do; but continue faithful to your truſt, added he, and I ſhall make you amends for it: at theſe words the cunning Gipſy fell into Tears, and ſaid, that ſhe had deſerv'd a better uſage from him, in her watchfull care over her charge, and that there were many Women, that would revenge themſelves of ſuch a wrong; but that ſhe was ſuch a low Spirited Fool, that had not ſo much courage as a Worm, who would turn again when 'twas trod on, though to little purpoſe; that ſhe had no other way of ſatisfying her ſelf, but with taking a Doſe of that drowſy Medicine Patience; then carrying her Handkerchief to her Eyes,

Eyes, ſhe ſeemed to be very much troubled; at which the Marqueſs, pulling out of his Pocket a piece of Gold, he gave it her ſaying, Here, *Zora*, take this, and aſſure thy ſelf, that for the future I ſhall be more kind to thee, if thou wilt continue faithful to me; for I aſſure thee, that I confide more in thee, than in thy fellow Guardian, of whom of late, I have no good opinion. Well, Sir, anſwered *Zora*, ſince that you are ſo kind, and have a better opinion of me than of my Companion, it ſhall not be without cauſe; therefore prepare your ſelf to hear of ſome diſcoveries from me e're long; but then you muſt give me the opportunity, to be ſome time in private with my Lady this Evening, that I may ſift her: Yes, that thou ſhalt, as long as thou wilt, reply'd the Marqueſs, I will take order my ſelf, to have thy fellow Servant employ'd another way at that time. Well, Sir,

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reply'd *Zora*, and to begin to be ſincere with you, I muſt tell you that my Lady has a Black-lead Pencil, which I have not known of before this morning. How! reply'd the Marqueſs, a Black-lead Pencil? And in the name of the Devil, how came ſhe by it? That I know not, reply'd *Zora*, except my fellow Servant has help'd her to it. I do obſerve that of late they are very great together; though not before me, for I never come into the Chamber, but I find them talking, and ſo ſoon as they ſee me, they are as mute as Statues. Oh Heavens! cry'd out the Marqueſs, for certain thou haſt over-heard ſome of their diſcourſes; prithee good *Zora* tell me what thou haſt heard: Truly nothing very ſignificant, anſwered ſhe, only here and there a word, for they ſpeak very low; and the Marchioneſs is as afraid of me, and hates me as much as ſhe loves my Fellow: But good

now tell me ſome of thoſe words that thou haſt heard, continued the Marqueſs: what I can remember now, is that they talk'd of a Letter loſt, or torn, I know not well which, and of Fryers, Pilgrims, and—— Hold, hold, cry'd the Marqueſs, interrupting her, what didſt thou name a Pilgrim? Yes, Sir, that word Pilgrim is very frequent in their Mouths: O! the Devil, Hell, and Confuſion! a Pilgrim? Why has the Devil nothing elſe to do, beſides poſſeſſing of Women, than to multiply Pilgrims, or to ſlit one in ſeveral pieces? It is ſo moſt certainly, I ſee it now, that that Damnable Pilgrim, your treacherous Fellow, and the Devil himſelf are in league, and hold a correſpondency with that wicked Woman my Wife, notwithſtanding all my cares, the Womans preciſeneſs, the Pilgrim's impriſonment, and the Devil's employ about debauching of other

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Women alſo. In good time haſt thou diſcover'd this to me, for which I ſhall reward thee moſt bountifully; one day more of their helliſh intrigues, and they had left us behind, for ever over-taking them again: Then after a little pauſe: It muſt be ſo continued he, didſt thou not name a Fryer alſo? I think that I have heard them mention a certain Father, reply'd *Zora*; *Andrew*, cry'd out the Marqueſs: I know not, ſaid *Zora*, if the Fryer is the Father, or whether they are two diſtinct Perſons; but if you will have the curioſity to hearken your ſelf to their diſcourſes, I will ſo place you, that you ſhall over-hear ſome words, though they ſpeak never ſo low; I wiſh thou couldſt do that reply'd the Marqueſs, though I believe thee already; yet that would ſtrangely ſtrengthen my belief, and the good opinion that I have of thee; and ſhould I once hear that

that Woman ſhould ſpeak one word to my Wife, but tending towards kindneſs, I would immediately turn her away: That I would not adviſe you to do, reply'd *Zora*, till you were very certain that ſhe is falſe to you; what greater proof cou'd I have of it, reply'd the Marqueſs, than to be an Eye and Ear-witneſs to the buſineſs: Well I long to hear their cloſe diſcourſes; that, Sir, you muſt not expect to do, ſaid *Zora*, till in the Evening after I have had ſome diſcourſe with my Lady. Well, ſaid the Marqueſs, go, go, get thee to her, and ſift her through Lawn; I will call away that Gipſy, that thou mayſt have the more opportunity to do it, go thou in, and ſend her out to me, and ſaying this, he puſh'd her gently from him towards the Marchioneſs's Chamber door.

The ſubtle *Zora* was no ſooner come into the Ladies Chamber, but ſent the other out, telling her that the

the Marqueſs had ſomething to ſay to her; and having ſhut the Door, ſhe gave the Marchioneſs an account of all that had paſs'd between the three Confederates, and how freely *Camille* had promis'd to obey her commands, to the very leaſt circumſtance; to which ſhe added this ſhort Encomium. I muſt needs tell you, Madam, that in my opinion he is a Perſon of quality and Honour, who though under a diſguiſe cannot but ſhew it in all his actions; for he is doubtleſs, the moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman in the whole World, having in him a high meaſure, all that can be deſired for perfecting of the moſt exact Cavalier imaginable; his courteous carriage, his obliging expreſſions, comely preſence, and his generous liberality, of which here is a fair and ample demonſtration, (ſhewing the Gold that *Camille* had given her) will make me think the time a thouſand Years, till I ſee you free from

from your Husbands jealous Tyranny, and under the ſafe Guard of ſo worthy a Perſon. From this diſcourſe ſhe fell to ſpeak of the Marqueſs, and gave the Marchioneſs an exact account of what had pasſ'd between him and her ſelf, and and how bravely ſhe had cox'd him. And now, Madam, I am come, continued ſhe, by his order to ſift you; but if you pleaſe to take a little of my advice, we will give my Fellow a remove, puniſh your Husbands unreaſonable Jealouſie, and you ſhall have a very Comical Revenge, all which ſhall tend to make a clearer way unto your deliverance. I have ingag'd you, Madam, continued ſhe, in a buſineſs, which if but well manag'd will do all this and more: Prithee let's hear it, *Zora*, reply'd the Marchioneſs? Why thus, Madam, ſaid *Zora*, ſo ſoon as I am gone out, and my Fellow Servant come in, I would have you to get into your Clo-

Closet with her, and there ingage her into some discourse concerning Pilgrims, Fryers, Fathers, Letters, Jealousie, Liberty, and the like. For I have promis'd your Husband, so to place him that he shall over-hear those private discourses, which I have told him you frequently have with her, when I am out of the way; and I have pick'd out your Closet Window for his stand: by this means he will be so incensed against my Fellow Servant, that no question but he will immediately turn her away, which will give us much more liberty and opportunity than we have, to act and accomplish our designs. This pleas'd the Marchioness very well, who said, but how shall I bring out those words to any purpose, so that he nor she may not perceive the design? Madam, answer'd *Zora*, I will leave you to consider of it, you that have so much writ and industry, will presently find out some

ſome expedient for it; be pleas'd but to give me your black-lead Pen, which I promis'd to preſent your Husband with, and I am gone: The Marchioneſs gave her the Pencil, of which ſhe had no longer need, ſince that ſhe had been furniſh'd with other writing Tools, and *Zora* went to give them to the Marqueſs.

Zora was no ſooner out of the Marchioneſs's Chamber, but that the other Woman was in, who found the Marchioneſs lain on her Bed: *Zora* went to the Marqueſs, who receiv'd her with great demonſtration of a longing deſire, to learn what ſhe had to ſay to him, and what new diſcoveries ſhe had made: Well, ſaid he to her, what news doſt thou bring me, and what ſucceſs haſt thou had? The Marchioneſs is ſo out of humour, reply'd *Zora*, becauſe that I broke the diſcourſe which they had began in my abſence, and which

was

was not ended when I came into her Chamber, that do what I could, I have not been able to make her enter into diſcourſe. I have began to ſpeak of divers things, one after another, thinking to engage her into talk, but after two or three words, ſhe lets it fall, ſo that I have loſt my labour for this Evening; but ſhe will not be long ſilent, now that ſhe has that Perſon with her, with whom ſhe may freely diſcourſe, and lay open her heart; ſhe will quickly regain the time that ſhe thinks to have loſt with me, though ſhe feign'd to me that ſhe had a mind to ſleep. Without doubt, ſaid the Marqueſs, ſhe will be very eager to be at it with her Jewel, and now I warrant you that ſhe is full of news to tell her, therefore that I may loſe no time, I would have thee to place me where I may hear as much as I can poſſible of what they ſay: Sir, replyed *Zora*, they uſually retire into

to the Closet, when they intend any private discourses, therefore no place more fit for you, than the Closet Window in the Garden, it is but standing upon something, and that will raise you to a sufficient height; I will go and fit things ready for you to stand on, and come to you again: That will do very well, replyed the Marquess, and I like that place the better too, because that there I shall not be interrupted by any of the Servants, for I will lock my self up in the Garden, where through the obscurity of the Night, none shall see me. That will do very well, answer'd *Zora*: With that she went to prepare the Stage, on which the Marquess was to act the Eve-droppers part.

Zora was scarce got out, but that the Marquess, who was very unwilling to lose one word of his Wifes discourse with her Guardian, went immediately to his Wifes Cham-

Chamber door, to try if he could hear any thing from thence; but becauſe that the Marchioneſs was not yet prepar'd, ſhe remaining ſtill on her Bed ſilent, the Marqueſs return'd to his Chamber again to expect *Zora*; ſhe mean time was buſy in fitting of things, but more earneſt in contriving ſome way to puniſh this jealous Man. She was not long before ſhe return'd, being ready to fit him on all accounts. She acquainted him with it, telling him that ſhe had been forc'd to make uſe of an old Water-Tub that lay uſeleſs in a corner of the Garden, over which ſhe had plac'd ſome Boards and a Stool over them, that it would be ſomething difficult for him to get up alone, but that once up, he might ſtand firm enough, that he ſhould give her the Key of the back door into the Garden, and that She would meet him that way. The Marqueſs had ſuch a longing deſire

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to be at the ſport, that he lik'd every thing that ſhe did but propoſe, he therefore ſent her away with the Key of the back door, while he himſelf went the fore-way into the Garden, where he lock'd himſelf in.

Zora mean time ſends a Perſon whom ſhe truſted to *Camille*'s Lodgings, with a Note to give him notice, that if he would have ſome paſtime, he ſhould immediately repair at the back door of the Marqueſs's Garden, where ſhe would wait for him, and where the Marqueſs was going to act a very pleaſant Scene, as ſhe had order'd things. For ſhe had faſtned a Cord to one of the Boards over the Tub, which having convey'd on the other ſide of an Hedg, where ſhe was to lye in wait; ſo ſoon as he would have heard enough to have made him mad, to conclude the Comedy, ſhe deſign'd to pull that Cord, and of neceſſity the Marqueſs muſt have

fallen, that juſt upon that, *Camille* ſhould appear and make an end of affrighting him, ſo that he ſhould not know what had happened, nor how, or by what means; but the Marqueſs's impatiency, and *Camille*'s abſence from home, for he was then come forth in order to viſit the Marchioneſs, did prevent her; for ſo ſoon as the Marqueſs had got into the Garden, he could not forbear endeavouring to get up of himſelf; he thought that each moment that he paſs'd without liſtening, was ſo many loſt ſentences; and what did he know, but that which would give him the greater light in their myſteries, would be the firſt ſpoken, and that the reſt would be but indifferent diſcourſe; he goes preſently to work, and endeavours Doctor like to mount the Stage of himſelf, and without the aſſiſtance of his merry *Andrew*; but wanting ſomething to raiſe him a little from the ground, to facilitate his firſt

ſteps

ſteps, which were ſomething high, and finding nothing more convenient than a roling Stone that was at hand; he draws it where he would have it, he ſets one of his Feet upon it, and the other upon the Board that was over the Tub, which had in it ſome Water; he had but one ſtep more to make, which was upon the Stool, and having nothing to get hold of to aſſiſt him, there he was at a ſtand what he ſhould do, but preſently fancying that he did hear them talk; he endeavours to get up by leaning againſt the Wall, he puſhes hard, and ſo hard at laſt, that the Board underneath the Stool ſlipping aſide, the Stool fell into the Tub, but he being very nimble eſcapes it, and lighting on the roling Stone with violence, it yielded forwards, which threw him back, with his Head forwards into the middle of the Stool which was in the Tub of Water. There lay the poor Marqueſs with his

Head in the ſtinking muddy Water, up to the Shoulders, and they and his Arms ſo pinion'd in the Stool, that he could not help himſelf, but of neceſſity muſt be ſmother'd in that filthy Bath. He endeavour'd to cry out for help, but inſtead of that, he did make the moſt hideous noiſe that could be imagin'd, for his bubbling in the Water, whence he forc'd himſelf to cry out, and the ſound of the Tub, though not very deep, did render ſuch a ſtrange ſound, that nothing can be compar'd to it, but the roaring of a Bull, that had a hole in his Wind pipe. The noiſe, in fine, was ſo great, that it caus'd all the Windows of the Neighbourhood to be open'd, and the darkneſs hiding the Object from their Eyes, they all ask'd one another what was the matter; but at laſt the noiſe growing leſs and leſs, as his Strength and Spirits did decay, every body retired, and ſhut their Windows again.

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The poor Marqueſs was in this condition juſt giving up the Ghoſt, when *Zora* came to him, who preſently, though ſtrangely ſurpriz'd and affrighted, did with much ado pull the Stool out of the Tub, and the Marqueſs with it, who having laid on the ground, there he remain'd dead; ſhe was upon the point of running away by the back Door to give her Lady notice of it, but ſhe fancied that he breath'd a little; this made her change her mind, and ſhe was for ſome time in a Ballance, whether ſhe ſhould aſſiſt him and ſave his Life, or let him go, and carry along with him all the Marchioneſs's troubles, ſo put an end to all their Plots; but at laſt good Nature partly prevailing, and the deſires that ſhe had of making more ſport, and being further employ'd, beſides, the Rewards that ſhe did expect, and not knowing to what conſequences this his ſudden Death might draw; ſhe

ſtoop'd to him, and did ſo chafe, rub and handle him, that as he lay with his back acroſs the Roling Stone, his Head hanging down, he at laſt vomitted up a large quantity of that naſty ſtinking Water, which he had ſwallowed moſt plentifully, which was followed with a great groan and a little after with a *Jeſu Maria*: This did ſo incourage the induſtrious *Zora*, that with the continuance of her moſt favourable aſſiſtance; the poor man having empty'd his Stomach of more of his Evening draught, he came to himſelf ſo as to ſit up; ſhe inquired how he did, and how he had hapned by this accident, but he was ſo weak with drinking, ſo ſore with ſtrugling, and ſo hoarſe with endeavouting to be heard, that he only told her, by being too haſty; and a while after, bidding her to lead him up to her own Chamber in private, he after that remain'd ſilent.

Zora

Zora having lifted him upon his Legs, and taken out of his Pocket the Key of the Garden-door, ſhe led him under the Arm without light into her Chamber, where ſhe laid him upon the Bed; he had no ſooner been let go upon it, but that he fell agiving up the reſidue of his raw Caudle, and calling for a little Wine, he fainted away. He was preſently ſupply'd with ſome, which brought him to himſelf again; he gave her his hand, that ſhe might help him to ſit up, after which he gave her a ſhort account of his diſaſter; which he concluded with a great demonſtration of ſorrow for having fail'd of hearing his Wifes Dialogue with her fellow Servant. I do not blame thee in the leaſt, *Zora*, continued he, for what has happened to me, but acknowledge it my own fault; on the contrary, I confeſs, that without thy timely Aſſiſtance, I muſt have periſh'd, for which good office I will kindly re-

ward thee; I am in a very ſad pickle, help to ſhift me, that I may go to my Wife; for though I ſhould be glad to lye from her this Night, that ſhe might not have the leaſt diſtruſt of my misfortune, at which ſhe would make her ſelf ſport, I durſt not truſt her alone, eſpecially with that wicked Woman, while thou ſhouldſt be buſied about me. Sir, you do very well, replyed *Zora*, to lye with her, and you cannot be too wary, for the Marchioneſs might do in a quarter of an hours time, that which you could never undo again; when you are in Bed with her, then ſhe is ſecure, and ſo long as you have but one of your hands over her, you may ſleep in ſafety: Thou ſayſt very true, reply'd the Marqueſs, therefore fetch me what I want, and as thou paſſeſt by, ſtep into her Chamber, and ſee what they are doing. *Zora* went out, and preſently return'd telling him that now his Wife was as plea-

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ſant as mirth could make her, they are laughing at the relation which they have had of the hideous noiſe that was heard in the Garden, and of the ſeveral reports that are given of it; ſome ſay that it was a ſurpriz'd Lover by a jealous Husband, or ſome jealous Coxcomb catch'd in his own trap; at which the Marchioneſs adds, that ſhe wiſh'd they were all ſo ſerv'd. Yea, that I dare ſay ſhe would, and heartily rejoyce at it, reply'd the Marqueſs; no matter how 'twere cenſur'd: Oh! the Plague of Women! continued he, of handſom Women! Well, if ſhe makes me once deſperate, I ſhall lodge her far and ſafe enough from her Minion, and from the whole World beſides. She is mine now, continued he, far from her fond Relations, and within the reach of my revenge, and—He was going on in that ſtrain, when *Zora* interrupted him in this manner: I cannot blame your reſent-

ments, they are but juſt and reaſonable; for now that ſhe is your Wife, ſhe ſhould have no Eyes but to look on you, no Ears but to hearken after your commands, no Mouth but to applaud them, nor no other parts, but wherewith to execute them; and in my opinion a Wife that does otherways, and ſo forgets her ſelf, as to have the leaſt thought imaginable for another Man than her Husband, ought to be us'd accordingly. I would let her live continued ſhe, but it ſhould be ſuch a life, ſo remote from all Converſation, that ſhe ſhould forget the very ſhape of all men but that of her Husband. Woman, ſaid the Marqueſs with a tranſport, thou haſt won my heart; in thus ſpeaking the very Soul of truth, and I ſhall ever like thee the better for it. No, I will not meddle with her Life, though of late I have had ſuch thoughts; but I will before I am two days older remove her in a

place where she shall be sequestred from the whole World, but my self, and one or two Women at the most, to give her her necessaries. I hope, Sir, reply'd *Zora*, that you will continue me in your Service, and that I shall be one of those two that shall attend her: why dost thou doubt it, reply'd the Marques, yes, that thou shalt, and were it not that it would be too toylsome to thee, thou shouldst be sole Governess of her; but however, for those good Services that thou hast render'd me, and those which I yet expect from thee, though I shall give thee an aid, thou shalt have a full and absolute power over all but me; I will declare it to be my will, and then who shall dare to control it. *Zora* return'd him humble thanks, with a profound reverence, and saying, Sir, give me leave to go see what they are doing: She went out of the Chamber, it was not long before

ſhe return'd, telling the Marqueſs, that now there was an Opportunity for him to hear them in Diſcourſe, for ſhe had heard them at it, as ſhe went into the Chamber, that on the ſudden they had been very ſilent, and that no doubt but they would be at it again by this time: the cunning *Zora* had been in the Chamber, of truth, and had given the Marchioneſs that ſign, of which they had before agreed together, at which the Marchioneſs was to begin her Story: The greedy Marqueſs did need no more to ſpur him on, but as if there had been no ſuch matter as that of the Tub in the caſe: my Hat, my Sword, and Cloak, ſaid he, and I am gone, I would not loſe one word of theirs, not for all the eaſe imaginable: A word, reply'd *Zora*, why you muſt not expect to hear one in ten, but however that will ſuffice to give you an account of the matter of their diſcourſe, at which the Marqueſs re-

returning no answer, went muffled up, to his Wives Chamber door, where after a while he heard as follows.

The Marchioness lying on the Bed had call'd her Woman to her, and had told her in a manner, as if newly awakned by *Zora*'s coming into the Chamber, and as being affrighted, that she was very much out of order, and disturb'd with a strange Dream which she had had, or rather a Vision, said she, for I have so perfect an Idea still remaining of what I have lately seen in my Dream, that I cannot well recollect my self, to know whether I was sleeping or waking. I fancy that I see yet all the Persons before me; here stood one, there another, at this side of my Bed was another, another was in this Chair. The one had such Cloaths on, the other was dress't like a Religious man, one like a Cavalier, and one in a disguise like a Hermit, Pilgrim, or some such thing,

thing, and there was a Woman alſo; and amongſt all theſe Perſons there was a Monſter looſe in my Chamber, whoſe Head was very large, with a full Fore-head, no Horns on it naturally, but it would order his Wings, that they would lye over its forehead much like Horns, and was pleas'd to wear them ſo; his Eyes were very piercing, even to ſee things that none elſe could perceive, and the further remote that Objects were, the bigger they appear'd to it: Its Ears were very large and open, ſo that it could hear the leaſt Whiſper; Its Mouth was but ſmall, out of which iſſued forth a ſtinking breath, that did offend all that it came near, and it darted out of it a Tongue that would wound all thoſe that it touch'd. The Marqueſs was come to the Door, when the Marchioneſs was about this part of her Story, and ſhe ſpoke ſo low, that he could hear but here and there a word, of which

which he could make nothing ; ſhe was going on in this manner, This Monſter would often make toward me, as if to devour me, and would ſhew his Teeth, but did not bite ; but his Tongue was more to be fear'd, than his Teeth, and always as he made at me, he would be hindred by ſome of thoſe that ſtood by me ; and when he would make towards any body elſe, I would give them notice of it: Then I thought that he would make at me again, with more fury than before, ſo that he was ſometimes ready to ſwallow me up ; at which the Religious man would pray and uſe ſuch Exorciſms as the Church has ordain'd againſt evil Spirits, while that the diſguis'd Perſon would ſtrike at him, with a Sword which he had conceal'd under his Cloaths, not to hurt him, but to affright him with the ſplendour of it ; but then the Woman would ſtay his Arm, and when at any time this diſguis'd Perſon

ſon would offer to ſtep between me and the Monſter, when it came to offend me, ſhe would enterpoſe again, betwixt him and me, ſo that I could not ſee him. At laſt I thought that the Monſter had ſomething thrown upon its Head that was naſty and filthy, which did ſo torment it, together with the Perſons preſent, that it caſt forth a great quantity of Foam and Smoke, which did very much offend all that were preſent, but particularly me, and the diſguis'd Perſon, becauſe that we ſtood near one another, and moſt in his way, and that he aim'd moſt at us two: Then I thought that on the ſudden it turn'd towards the Cavalier, who to ſhun him, fell upon the diſguis'd Perſon, ſo that he did wedge him in a Chair ſo faſt, that he could not move out of it, till after ſome time, that the Woman took him by the Hand, and help'd him out; but I thought that while the diſguis'd Perſon was ſo faſt

faſt, that the Monſter came to me, and took me on his horned Wings to carry me away, when I was awakned by *Zoras* coming in: This was my Dream, continued the Marchioneſs, was it not a frightful one? At this the Woman remain'd ſilent, only ſmiling to her ſelf, which made the Marchioneſs to ſay, *what do you laugh at it? No, Madam,* anſwer'd the Woman, *but I cannot be ſo much frighted at it, as you are; and when your diſturbance is over, no queſtion but you will ſmile at it alſo, eſpecially if you would take but a little pains to apply this Dream to ſome of your own concerns. What can it concern me,* reply'd the Marchioneſs? *You will quickly apprehend it, Madam,* ſaid the Woman, *if you pleaſe but to reflect a little upon it. I am too much troubled at the remembrance of it,* reply'd the Marchioneſs, *and cannot find in me that calmneſs of Spirits, which is required in the explication of ſuch*

Dreams.

Dreams. In my Opinion, Madam, then ſaid the Woman, *it is ſo eaſie, that you cannot but fall of your ſelf upon the ſence of your Dream, and as ſilly as I am, I would undertake to give you the meaning of it, from what I have ſometimes heard your Husband ſay to you, when he has been in a paſſion, but that I know my diſtance.* The Marchioneſs having brought her to this that ſhe would have her, ſhe call'd to her louder than before, ſaying, *I give thee free liberty to ſay what thou wilt; and I do aſſure thee before-hand that I ſhall not take any thing ill, that thou ſhalt ſay, but on the contrary, be very well pleas'd at it; and I have a moſt longing deſire to hear thee, therefore be free, goon, ſpeak boldly and loud, that I may hear thee perfectly. In obedience to your commands, Madam,* then ſaid the Woman, *I muſt tell you, that I have heard often a learned man ſay, that frequently the cauſe of ſuch Dreams as yours is, is when*

the

the mind being fill'd with certain Ideas of ſuch things as are of neareſt concerns to us, our imagination works upon thoſe things which diſturb us even in our ſleep: This is the reaſon, Madam, I think that your fancy has repreſented to you, in a Dream, though under ſome diſguiſe, thoſe things which moſt poſſeſs your thoughts when awake. This is very well begun, ſaid the Marchioneſs, *and I prithee go on, and ſpeak louder yet; I have frequently ſeen the Marqueſs, Madam,* continu'd the Woman, *in a paſſion againſt your ſelf, againſt a certain Pilgrim, whom he ſays is ſome diſguis'd Perſon, and againſt the Governour of* Barcellonna *and his Lady, for taking that Pilgrims part, and why may not out of theſe things be collected matter ſufficient for your Dream, Madam? I like what thou ſayeſt ſo well,* reply'd the Marchioneſs, *that I would have thee to particularize it. Well, Madam,* reply'd the Woman, who was proud of her Office, and of being applau-

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ded, *ſince that it is your Pleaſure I ſhould, thus I think it may be made out.*

That Perſon that ſeems to be a Religious man is Father Andrew. *How! let me hear that again,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *and ſpeak a little louder, who is it ſayſt thou, Father* Andrew *anſwered the Woman, raiſing her voice; very well,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *proceed. That perſon,* continued the Woman, *that appear'd to you like a Cavalier, is the Governour of* Barcellonna: *Who through the Monſters inſtigation did caſt the disguis'd Perſon, who repreſents the Pilgrim into the Chair: Who is that?* ſaid the Marchioneſs: *The Pilgrim, Madam, who was put in Priſon: This is very well,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *prithee go on; and who was the Woman?* Donna Barbara, Donna Barbara, *Madam,* continued the Woman: *All this is very juſt all this while: But then, who is repreſented by the Monſter,* ſaid the

the Marchioneſs. *That, Madam,* reply'd the Woman, *muſt be ſome body, whoſe paſſions, are monſtrous, and*——here the Marchioneſs finding her to Stagger a little, to incourage her, ſaid, *What thou haſt done for me, in the interpretting of my Dream, has given much eaſe to my troubled Spirits, for which I will be bountiful to thee, and if thou canſt but give me as true an account of the Monſter as thou haſt done of the reſt, it will give me full ſatisfaction: I hope, Madam,* reply'd the Woman, after ſhe had thank'd the Marchioneſs, *that you will diſpence me from ſpeaking more plainly:* and there ſhe ſtopt again; at which the Marchioneſs call'd to her to come nearer, and gave her ſome Gold, which had ſuch an influence over her Spirits and Tongue, that ſhe had no ſooner felt the weight of it in the palm of her hand, but that ſhe ſaid, *well, Madam, ſince you will have it ſo, and that you promiſe not be angry*

gry with me; I will tell you, that your Husband, Madam, was repreſented by the Monſter; How's that? ſaid the Marchioneſs, ſeeming very well pleas'd at it, *my Husband? Yes, Madam, your Husband's the Monſter*, ſaid the Woman: *That's very right in truth*, ſaid the Marchioneſs, *his furious paſſions, bitter expreſſions, ſevere threatnings, curſes, railings, jealouſies, pryings into all my actions, and liſtening, and lurking up and down like a Spie, does deſerve no better, than to be term'd Monſtrous, and Beaſtly, and that he ſhould be ſerv'd as he was at* Barcellonna. *I muſt confeſs, Madam,* reply'd the Woman, who was willing to ſay ſomething to the Marchioneſs for her Gold, *that he is ſomewhat too diſtruſtful and jealous, and that on the condition that it would change his humour, I could wiſh that he was ſerv'd ſo again, or as that Perſon was, that we heard to roar ſo ſtrangely, a while ſince,*

which

which People do judge to be ſome Eve-dropper catch'd in a Trap.

At theſe words the Marqueſs not being able to contain himſelf any longer, ruſh'd into the Chamber. I thank you, Madam, ſaid he to his Wife, for your kind wiſhes, and you, houſewife; ſaid he to the Woman, you ſhall immediately go where you may talk of Governours, Father *Andrews*, Pilgrims, yes, and of Monſters too, continued he taking her by the Arm, and flinging her out of the Chamber, thou ſhalt not lye under my roof this night, and having call'd to *Zora* to ſtay with his Wife, he preſently went out of the Chamber after the Woman.

Zora, being enter'd, did ſhut the Door, and came with a chearful countenance up to the Marchioneſs, who receiv'd her as joyfully: I think ſaid ſhe, that we have given him enough on't, to put him out of the humour of hearkning this

this good while. I believe that you have touch'd him to the quick, Madam, reply'd *Zora*, he is in ſuch a paſſion; but I would not truſt him however; for it is ſo natural to him, or at leaſt he has got ſuch an habit of hearkning, that he can no more leave it, than any of his other vices. But now let me know the reaſon of this change of Station, ſaid the Marchioneſs: That, Madam, reply'd *Zora*, is as Comical a Story, as you have heard, with that ſhe told the Marchioneſs the Tale of the Tub, which did exceedingly pleaſe her; who in her turn acquainted *Zora* of her feigned Dream, and that *Camille* had viſited her that Evening, in her abſence, but that her fellow Servant had watch'd him ſo narrowly, that he had not had the opportunity of ſpeaking one word in private; therefore, continued ſhe, you muſt make ſome excuſe or other to morrow to go out, that you may meet with him, and

and positively conclude amongst you, of some immediate course of freeing me; for now this man is so nettled, that he will not stay any longer, but will have me away, and Heaven knows where, and how he will dispose of me. Madam, reply'd *Zora*, your fears are not groundless; for he has declar'd so much to me; and I fear that should he remove you from hence, we should lose all hopes of releasing you; but we shall find some way to save him that labour, so soon as I meet with the Pilgrim, and Father *Andrew*, which shall be to morrow in the Forenoon: Your Husband, Madam, has been sorely bruis'd, continued she, and though his Curiosity, and his Passion will not let him feel it at present, doubtless but to morrow morning he will be sore and out of Order, as to be willing to keep his Bed some time longer than ordinary; I will take that opportunity to go to

them, and if he ſhould want me before I return, it will be your care to excuſe me, under pretence of having employ'd me about ſome buſineſs: That care I will take upon me, reply'd the Marchioneſs, be you but diligent as to the reſt; for I very much fear the conſequences of his removing me from hence: You will do well, Madam, ſaid *Zora*, to go to Bed, to avoid your Husbands railing, which he will forbear to Night, if he thinks you aſleep, when he comes to Bed, and that he may lye the longer in the morning, to exerciſe your patience with his railing. The hopes that I have, *Zora*, reply'd the Marchioneſs, of being e're long freed from all his unſufferable extravagances, will make me to endure it, with an exemplary patience. With this the Marchioneſs went to Bed, where ſhe was but juſt laid, when the Marqueſs came in full ſtor'd with Reproaches and Injuries; but *Zo*

ra whiſpering to him, that ſhe was now aſleep, and that he had better ſtay till morning, and then read her a Lecture: after he had grumbled ſome few words between his Teeth, he told *Zora* that he was not very well, and ſo he preſently went to Bed.

In the morning he made divers attempts, of diſcharging his Choler with a whole volly of rude expreſſions upon his Lady, but ſhe as often did ſhun the brunt by feigning her ſelf aſleep; yet at laſt, he was grown ſo full of his Venom, that he muſt vent it, or burſt; he therefore began to thunder ſuch a peal in her Ears, that ſhe was forc'd to make ſome replies in her own defence: amongſt the reſt, What is it you would have, ſaid the Marchioneſs, what cauſe or reaſon have you to uſe me thus, continually? What is happen'd to you of late? And what have I done, to cauſe you to treat me as you do? I wonder

with what Confidence you can ask theſe queſtions, reply'd the Marqueſs, it is nothingwith you then, it ſeems, to be reviling and abuſing of your Husband during an hour or two, with his Servant? And to wiſh him any thing that tends to his diſhonour? That Perſon reply'd the Marchioneſs, (who was reſolv'd to give it him home) that is ſo little careful of his honour, as to proſtitute it to the appetite of every unruly paſſion, need not fear that a few words from an injur'd Woman ſhould pejudice it: Neither ſhall they, reply'd the Marqueſs, for that honour, as proſtitute as you ſpeak, it is, and ſhall be above your reach, and I hope to keep it ſo; but in the mean time, it ill becomes you to controul your Husbands actions, to beſpatter them with your ſcurrilous Tongue, and to wiſh that ſome ill Fortune might attend them, while that they are in order to preſerve that honour,

our, which you ſo much endeavour to deſtroy. That which you call the deſtroying of your Honour, reply'd the Marchioneſs, is rather a deſire of its preſervation, if it were rightly underſtood, it is that Intereſt that I ſhould have in it, were it not render'd unworthy of me by thoſe baſe, low, and obſcene ways, with which you pretend to preſerve it; that makes me deſire it ſhould not be ſo vilified, but that it ſhould ſhine in its full luſtre, without the laſt Eclipſe of a low, or cloudy Action to hide its brightneſs. Whatſoever I do, reply'd the Marqueſs, to preſerve my Honour from that darkneſs, which you would caſt over it, being in all reſpects, leſs dangerous; I think it reaſonable to prefer ſome ſmall momentary Eclipſes, to that horror of Eternal Darkneſs, which you would caſt upon it. I could wiſh, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that you would let me know, what you mean by that

Eternal Darkneſs, that I would caſt upon your honour? Reflect but on your own actions, reply'd the Marqueſs, and you will not be long without the knowledge of it. If to deſire the ſame liberty as other Perſons enjoy, reply'd the Marchioneſs; nay, if to endeavour to attain to it, is a crime of ſuch a nature, as to blemiſh your honour ſo irreparably, as you mention, I freely declare unto you, that I ſhall ever be guilty of the ſame error. And I do declare to you, anſwered the Marqueſs, that I will break your meaſures within theſe three days, if it is poſſible, by conveying you to ſuch a place, where you ſhall not be affrighted at the ſight of new Faces; in a word, Madam, I will ſet my honour in ſafety, by ſecuring of you, who does endeavour with the outmoſt of your power to deſtroy it: And I will commit my ſelf, reply'd the Marchioneſs, unto the protection

of

of Heaven, and ſo do your worſt; and after this, ſhe turn'd her from the Marqueſs, who would fain have gone on in this wrangling diſcourſe, but finding that he could not get one word more from her, do what he could; after ſome little time having call'd for *Zora*, and ſhe not coming, he did riſe of himſelf, but did not ſtir out of the Chamber, being oblig'd to ſupply the abſent Guardians places.

It was then about ten of the Clock, the evil conſequences of his late diſaſter having oblig'd him to lye longer in Bed than uſually, he was looking out of the Window, when he was diverted by a little Dog of the Marchioneſs's, who was playing with ſome Papers upon the Floor, which Papers he had met with under her Pillow; the Marqueſs did preſently deprive the poor Dog from that delight which he took, in tumbling them about; and having look'd upon them: Yes,

Madam, ſaid he to his Wife, theſe are ſome of thoſe means which you uſe, in order to preſerve my honour; then looking on them, both in Verſe and Proſe, continued he, all this you call but the endeavouring to attain unto the ſame liberty which other Perſons enjoy, and theſe are ſome of thoſe ſmall errors, that you will ever be guilty of. The Marchioneſs fretted at the Heart, did not anſwer one word: Shall I read them to you, they will doubtleſs pleaſe you much better, than whatſoever I can ſay to you; with that he began to read, but preſently *Zora* coming in, Oh! *Zora*, continued he, my Wives little Dog more kind than her ſelf, or Woman, has made me partaker of ſome curious pieces, which I would not for any thing, but that I had ſeen, for I am a great admirer of ſuch excellent things; you ſhall hear them: then he began again to read thoſe Papers, which were thoſe that *Camille* had preſented to the

the Marchioneſs, are not theſe very fine things, continued he, after he had read ſome of them; here is mention made of Kiſſes, on Hands and Lips too, full of Nectar; nay, the very quinteſſence was extracted from them: no doubt, Madam, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to his Wife, that you did your part alſo, and that you and your Mimon, did ſpread inſide Lips, and traffick'd liquoriſh Tongues; in order to thoſe extractions, here mention'd; to all this the Marchioneſs did not anſwer one word, which made *Zora*, that durſt not be too forward neither, in excuſing her Lady, ſay, but where did this Dog get them? where had he them? where has he been? Where has he been? ſaid the Marqueſs, where he had them; in your Miſtreſſes Boſome, that's the Caskenet in which ſhe preſerves ſuch pretious Jewels; has not the Dog been out of the Chamber this morning? ſaid *Zora*,

No, no, anſwer'd the Marqueſs, he needed not to go ſo far for them, they were nearer at hand, I can aſſure you: Then he continued reading the reſt of the Papers, after which he fell into this raging fit. And is it come to that? Is it impoſſible for me to make uſe of any thing whatſoever, but that it muſt turn to this Damnable Pilgrim's advantage? And muſt you be ſick, continued he, ſpeaking to his Wife, only to give him the opportunity of viſiting you, under the notion of a Doctor? and to apply ſuch Lip-Salve for your Cure? is it impoſſible then, to find out ſuch a place as is able to contain him, with all the aſſiſtance that Chains, Bolts, Shackles, Bars, and Stone Walls can afford? But that notwithſtanding all my Cares, my watchful Cares, I muſt learn that he quenches his laſcivious heats in your Boſome? Well, what cannot be done one way, ſhall be done the other.

Thou

Thou ſhame of thy Sex, continued he, take leave of the whole world, for I proteſt by all that is ſacred, to ſequeſter thee from it, with all the diligence that I can poſſibly uſe; But firſt I will have my full revenge on this incarnate Devil, I will tear his heart out of his Body before you; yes, I will preſent you with it, you ſhall enjoy it. Then walking very faſt about the Chamber, and ſometimes ſtopping on the ſudden, ſometime running haſtily out of the Chamber, then preſently in again; in fine, ſhewing a thouſand irreſolutions, with which his mind was agitated at once: at laſt he ſtood ſtock ſtill in the middle of the Room, holding the Papers with one Hand, and biting the Nails of his other; after ſome time he came out of his ſerious thoughts again, and thus he ſpake, *Zora*: Do you not move from hence till my return; I will firſt go to the Priſon, and know

know how it comes to paſs that this Priſoner is releas'd; I ſhall not be long, ſtir not upon your Life, then going towards the Chamber Door, he ſuddenly turns back again, ſaying: No, I will ſend for the Jaylor here; I will not ſtir from hence, till I have my revenge fully accompliſh'd. *Zora*, continued he, call ſome Servants up quickly, diſpatch: *Zora* went out, and preſently return'd, with Servants after her: The Marqueſs calls one in, and ſends him to the Jaylor to come immediately to him, and to bring along with him the Priſoner; that Servant being gone about it, he calls another, and ſends him to fetch the Doctor to his Wife, who was very ill on the ſudden, telling him that he ſhould bring him with him immediately, for his Wife was very ill, and could not live long; but the Fellow telling him that he knew not where the Doctor liv'd: the Marqueſs in a paſſion,

ſion, bid him call one that knew; the Fellow goes forth, and returns preſently, ſaying, that there was but one that knew where he liv'd, and that he had ſent him to the Priſon. All theſe little obſtacles did ſtill inrage the Marqueſs the more; but being reſolv'd to clear all doubts, and take his full revenge, he tells *Zora*, that ſhe muſt go and fetch the Doctor, not conſidering whether ſhe knew where he liv'd, telling her that he would watch there himſelf till her return: *Zora* being very glad of the employ, that ſhe might prevent all miſchiefs, by her giving *Camille* notice of the diſcovery; was going forth, when the Marqueſs cry'd, yet hold, peradventure that he is but the Pilgrim's Agent, made uſe of to convey the Papers and ſecret Meſſages; and it is on the immediate cauſe of all my troubles, that my revenge muſt fall with that ſeverity; then after a little pauſe: Yet go, continued

he, for theſe Papers ſpeak plain enough, that the two Characters belong but to one Perſon; but what then, were they gone, and ſacrific'd to my reſentments, are there not more Men? And is not my Honour ſtill in the ſame danger, ſo long as that Woman is Breathing? She muſt —— ſhe ſhall —— then after another pauſe, breaking off his diſcourſe by ſnatches, as if what he would ſay, were too cruel to be ſpoken aloud: *Zora*, ſaid he, ſtay, no, go, and get this Robber of my Honour to come and receive his due reward; I ſhall look him more carefully in the Face, than I did in the dark, when I had no ſuſpition; go continued he; and ſend me ſome-body here mean time: *Zora*, very glad of the employ, did preſently go for fear that he ſhould once again change his reſolutions, and ſhe ſent ſome more of the Servants to him. The inraged Marqueſs commanded two

of

of them to ſtand at the Chamber-Door, and not to move from thence upon pain of immediate Death, till he return'd, nor to let his Wife go out, if ſhe ſhould attempt it, and not being contended with that, he took the Key along with him; he preſently ran into his Cloſet, out of which having taken a brace of Piſtols, and a long Stilletto, he preſently return'd again; he then gave order to two Servants to ſtand at the Street-Door, charging them, that ſo ſoon as they ſhould ſee the Doctor come into the Houſe, they ſhould ſhut him in, and not let him go out again, till he gave them order; two more Servants he plac'd at his Wives Chamber-door, with order to ſhut it ſo ſoon as the Doctor ſhould be come in; and two more he ſet in his Wifes Cloſet, charging them to be ready to come into the Chamber with their Swords drawn, ſo ſoon as he ſhould give the word; having thus

plac'd

plac'd his Centuries, he walk'd up and down the Chamber, after ſo ſtrange a manner, with ſuch ſtrange actions, and muttering to himſelf ſtrange things, that it might eaſily be gueſt at the fury which did poſſeſs his Soul.

Mean time the poor Marchioneſs, who had not ſpoken one word all this time, thinking that it would be to no purpoſe to make any excuſes, lay agitated with divers horrid fears; the leaſt of which had been ſufficicent to have broken any heart, leſs fortified with innocency and courage than hers. Sometime ſhe did reflect on what her Husbands paſſions had forc'd out of his Mouth, which threatned no leſs than her Life; at other times ſhe fear'd, having obſerv'd with what readineſs, *Zora* was gone to fetch *Camille*, leaſt that ſhe being affrighted with his rage, ſhould bring him along with her; and ſometimes too ſhe fear'd, leaſt he ſhould come of his

his own accord, before that *Zora* ſhould come to him to give him notice of the imminent danger; and in a word, ſhe fear'd more for him, than for her ſelf; with a thouſand ſuch fears her mind was poſſeſs'd, when on a ſudden ſhe heard a great outcry in the Houſe; the Marqueſs, who heard it likewiſe, did ſend one to know what was the matter, who preſently return'd with thoſe two that had been plac'd at the Street-door, who were bleeding, they told the Marqueſs, that the Doctor had enter'd the Door, but that as they were ſhutting it after him, he diſtruſting ſomething, it had made him to retire, but they oppoſing him, he had ſnatch'd a Sword out of their hands, and with it forc'd his way through them, into the Street again; at this relation the Marqueſs tore his Hairs, and drawing his Sword, had certainly run it through him that ſtood neareſt him, had he not diligently eſcap'd

it

it, which furious action did make the reſt alſo to ſtand alſo at a further diſtance. I want words to expreſs, all that the height of the greateſt rage imaginable, did make the Marqueſs to ſay and act, therefore I ſhall paſs it by; to tell you, that while he was in the midſt of his fury, *Zora*, came into the Chamber; ſhe having miſs'd of *Camille*, had left her Meſſage with Father *Andrew*, with an account of all that had paſs'd, in as few words as ſhe could, that ſhe might haſten back to prevent *Camille's* getting into the Marqueſs's Houſe, who was gone forth in order to go there, after that he had call'd at *Don Alphonſo*'s; but ſhe coming near home, had learn'd what had happen'd, by a Servant that was running for a Chirurgion to dreſs thoſe that *Camille* had wounded; all this was very well ſhe thought, but for fear that the Marqueſs being diſappointed of his revenge on the Pilgrim,

grim, ſhould in his paſſion diſcharge it all on his Wife: So ſoon as ſhe was enter'd, ſhe made ſigns unto the Marqueſs, as if ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him in private, he preſently ſent the Servants out and went into the Cloſet, where *Zora* followed him, after ſhe had thrown a piece of Paper unto the Marchioneſs, in which was written: *Fear nothing.* She told the Marqueſs, that though ſhe had fail'd of the Pilgrim, ſhe had met with a Perſon as dangerous as he, and that was Father *Andrew*; that finding a Door ſhut ſhe had look'd through the Key hole, and there ſhe had ſeen and heard the Fryer, who with half a dozen more were contriving to take the Marchioneſs away by force at a Night, or upon the Road, whenever he ſhould offer to remove her; that ſhe underſtood that they had made many Friends in that City that were as willing, as able, to ſerve the Pilgrim in that wicked deſign;

and

and that therefore he was to lay his paſſion aſide, and think what he had beſt to do, to prevent their deſigns. Do, ſaid the Marqueſs, in as great a fury as ever, I will help them in it, they ſhall have her, I will beſtow her upon her Minion, my ſelf, I'll only keep her Heart to my ſelf, and they ſhall ſhare her Carcaſs amongſt them; then preſently after a littl pauſe, fetching a great ſigh, from the bottom of his Heart, but why ſhould I deſign ſo fooliſhly, this would be to ſerve them according to their own deſires, the Pilgrim has had her Heart long ſince, and it is only for her Body that all this is; here he made another pauſe, which gave time to *Zora* to Say, *Sir, there is no time to loſe, ſpend it not therefore in vain reflections; once more let me perſuade you to lay aſide all paſſion, and to think of what is to be done to ſecure the Marchioneſs from all their attempts: I have thought on't,* reply'd the

the Marqueſs haſtily, *ſhe ſhall dye, and then there's an end of all, of all my miſeries at once, yea, and of me and all: Heavens forbid,* ſaid *Zora, Pray, Sir,—— What wouldſt thou have me to do then?* reply'd the Marqueſs, interrupting her in a milder tone? *I will tell you, Sir,* reply'd *Zora, give out to your Servants immediately that you will be gone from this City in the Morning early, that all things ſhould be got ready to that purpoſe with all the Oſtentation that may be, that the noiſe of it may be ſpread about the Town, eſpecially about the Confederates Quarters, ſo that they may know of it, and provide for the taking of the Marchioneſs on the Road; mean time let a Litter be got in private, wherein the Marchioneſs ſhould be convey'd in the dead of the Night, by force if ſhe makes reſiſtance; I ſhall take care to prevent her from making any noiſe, or getting out, and let the Litter be driven quite another way, than it ſhould have been given out that you*

in-

intended to go, while that ye follow with your Mule; no doubt but this will deceive the Pilgrim and his Friends, who certainly will be upon the Road that way that you have given out you would go to intercept the Marchioneſs, mean time ſhe will have been convey'd to ſome other place of ſafety. This, Sir, continued ſhe, *I have been thinking of, as I came home; the apprehenſions of ſome ſudden attempt, having ſet me upon it; for now that your Enemies are ſtrong and powerful, when they find that you ſtir not from hence, they will attempt any thing even here, and Heaven knows what they may not do, having the Marchioneſs always ready to aſſiſt them. And now, Sir, I leave to your prudence to judg, whether what I have propos'd, is not reaſonable, and the products of an Heart that is wholly devoted to your Service.* My Dear, and Faithful, *Zora,* reply'd the Marqueſs, I can never thank thee ſufficiently for the cares which thou

thou haſt in my concerns, and I ſhall never forget it; I find all that thou haſt ſaid to be very good, and to proceed from a faithful Heart, but I will, or rather we will with deliberation, Methodiſe it ſo, that our deſign ſhall not be capable of failing. I am of opinion therefore, as you have diſcreetly propos'd, that a Litter ſhould this day be got in readineſs, but I would have it to be convey'd a little way out of Town towards the place that I intend to go to, which is *Tolledo*, ſo privately that no notice may be taken of it, and in the Evening I will take thy Miſtreſs and thy ſelf in a Coach, and we will be carried thither, where you two ſhall get into the Litter, and I will follow upon my Mule, none of the Servants knowing of this but one that I dare confide in, who ſhall be buſied with the reſt of his Fellows in getting all things ready for to be going in the morning, to ſome other

ther place that I ſhall appoint them to meet me at: by theſe means we ſhall get a conſiderable way in our Journey, before any notice is taken of it, and the Villains will be fruſtrated of their expectation to morrow, when they ſet upon my empty Coach, and my Men, and the further to deceive them, my Servants ſhall tell them that we did not deſign to ſtir forth till the Evening, though we had ſent them before, for this will make them to deſiſt any further purſuit at that time, in hopes of meeting with us at Night. This is ſuch a way, reply'd *Zora*, as would be infallible, of getting your Wife ſafe from hence, if we could but be provided with a Litter and Mule-drivers to attend it without noiſe. There's the ſtreſs of the whole buſineſs, reply'd the Marqueſs, neither know I whom to truſt as to that; and I believe that I muſt go about it my ſelf. I would not have you to leave

the Marchioneſs one moment, reply'd *Zora*, you have ſo affrighted all your Servants, that none dares to appear before you, but ſhe that would adventure a thouſand Lives to ſerve you; what do I know but that at this very preſent there is ſome correſpondency, between your Wife and her Confederates? Should they attēmpt any thing in your abſence, either by the Garden, to get her out of the Window, ſhe being as ready to go, as they to receive her, who ſhould oppoſe them? where would be any aid? I ſhould quickly be diſpatch'd, and then the booty would be their own; therefore I think it very neceſſary for you to remain by her, till we all three are going in the Evening: That which thou haſt ſaid is very true, ſaid the Marqueſs; but then how ſhall we get this Litter and Men convey'd ſecretly another way out of Town, than we muſt ſeem to go? Let that be my care, Sir, ſaid *Zora*,

I have ſome acquaintance here in Town, that ſhall do that buſineſs for us, I will go inſtantly to ſet them about it; but ſtay, reply'd the Marqueſs, till I have been in my Cloſet to fetch out ſome writings, and then I will not move from her Chamber till thy return. After this, the Marqueſs went out of the Chamber to his Cloſet, which gave time to *Zora* to tell the Marchioneſs, that ſhe ſhould fear nothing, that ſhe had appeas'd her Husband for the preſent, and that that Night ſhould be the laſt of her miſery; that ſhe would inform their Friends of all the buſineſs before ſhe return'd, take their advice likewiſe, and of all make an abſolute concluſion, which ſhe would bring her back in writing, that ſhe might know what part ſhe had to act, and not be ſurpriz'd; this did *Zora* deliver with ſuch a chearful countenance, kiſſing the Marchioneſs's Hand, that ſhe was very much com-

comforted by it: *Zora* was after that adviſing her Lady to ariſe, and pack up all her Jewels and other things of value by themſelves, when the Marqueſs return'd into the Chamber, to whom *Zora* ſaid, I have been perſuading my Lady to riſe, and to prepare for her Journey, but ſhe will not believe that ſhe has need to make ſuch haſte. No! reply'd the Marqueſs; yet ſhe may be certain that ſhe ſhall not lye one Night longer in this place; therefore let her riſe, and pack up her things her ſelf, if ſhe will, for I have other employs for you, and now go about what I have ſent you to do: *Zora* preſently went about her buſineſs; the Marqueſs employ'd himſelf about making up and examining of Accounts, while the Marchioneſs went into her Cloſet, where ſhe employ'd her ſelf in diſpoſing of her Jewels privately about her, with other things of concerns, and ſtuffing up of thoſe

Boxes and Caſes, that they were uſually carried in, with other things of little or no value: Thus the Marqueſs in the Chamber, having continually one Eye on the Cloſet Window, and the Marchioneſs in the Cloſet, did remain till *Zora* return'd, without ſpeaking one word to one another, to the Ladies great ſatisfaction.

Zora was not long before ſhe got to *Camille's*, whom ſhe inform'd of what ſhe had done, and that the Marchioneſs had a knowledge of it: She likewiſe gave him an account of his fair eſcape, which he had made out of the Marqueſs's Houſe, while that the Marqueſs had ſent her on purpoſe to bring him to his inevitable Death. How that he had ſworn to tear his Heart out of his Body, and to give it to her: he need not put himſelf to that trouble reply'd *Camille*, I have long ſince ſav'd him that labour, in preſenting it my ſelf to her, in a condition

on to do her more Service, and therefore more acceptable. Let us lose no time now, said Father *Andrew*, and let it not be said, that this Woman has done all her self, but let us act our parts likewise. Then *Zora* told them, that there was to be got out of hand a Litter, Mules, and Mule-drivers, that were to be convey'd very privately, at some small distance from the City, at a place which she nam'd. That shall be my charge, reply'd the good Father, and let me alone to deceive that wicked Father *Andrew*, and that abominable Pilgrim; and be certain, that within three hours at farthest it shall be at the place appointed: Yes, but where will you find trusty men to attend it? reply'd *Zora*: Are not here two, answer'd the brisk Fryer? how many would you have? And for their fidelity to us, I will engage for the one if you will engage for the other, continued he, addressing himself to

Camille; that will do very well, reply'd *Camille*, and my task ſhall be to diſcharge the Houſe, to provide good Horſes, and to crave the aſſiſtance of my worthy Friend *Alphonſo*, of his Lady, and of his Houſe and Servants, to receive us and our Prize, when we have it. Another thing is to be thought on alſo, ſaid Father *Andrew*, which is, to convey ſomething between the Marqueſs's Mules Feet and her Shooes, that ſhe may fall downright lame within a little while after that he ſhall be got upon her, which will cauſe him to ſtay behind, while we diligently go on with the Litter. Better and better ſtill, ſaid *Camille*, I ſee that we ſhall bring it to ſomething at laſt. This will do, ſaid *Zora*, and I think that we need no further to couſult about it. No, no, reply'd Father *Andrew*, and therefore I am gone to get the Litter and all things belonging to it: And if you pleaſe, Sir, ſaid *Zora* to *Camille*,

mille, to write down the reſult of our conſultation, I will inſtantly return and give it the Marchioneſs, and tell the Marqueſs, that within theſe two hours there will be a Litter in readineſs, at the place that he has appointed. That I'll ingage for, ſaid Father *Andrew*, and away went he: *Camille* having writ the Note of advice, did give it to *Zora*, who return'd home with it, and *Camille* having diſcharg'd the Houſe, went to his Friend *Alphonſo*, who he did very eaſily ingage and his Lady likewiſe, to ſerve him in that buſineſs, ſhe highly praiſing his reſolution, of putting the Marchioneſs into her hands, when that ſhe were at his whole diſpoſal; and *Camille* having told them the time and place that they ſhould meet with them on the Road, where *Alphonſo* aſſur'd him he would not fail to be exactly; he return'd home, to wait for Father *Andrew's* return, which was preſently after, with a

Litter, in which there were two Suits of Cloaths, to dreſs himſelf and *Camille* in, like Mule drivers. He bid one of the Perſons that were come along with him, to follow him up ſtairs, where he ſhould receive his Money; ſo ſoon as he came into the Chamber, he call'd upon *Camille* to pay the Money, which he had agreed for, *Camille* did readily do it, and went into the Litter to the place appointed, where Father *Andrew* follow'd; they were no ſooner got thither, but they ſent back the Mule-drivers, and accoutred themſelves in thoſe Cloaths which the Father had brought, which made a couple of excellent Varlets of them, in which poſture they waited for the Marqueſs's coming.

While theſe things had been tranſacting abroad, the Marqueſs had been examining the Pilgrim, which the Jaylor had brought to him according to his Orders; at the very

very firſt ſight of him, he found him not to be that Pilgrim which he meant, and at laſt having found his miſtake, and the cauſe of it, through his examining of every circumſtance, he diſcharg'd the fellow giving him a piece of Money for to make him amends for the wrong which he had done him, with which he went his way very well ſatisfy'd, that he had got his liberty at laſt, with a good ſum of Money.

Mean time *Zora* was return'd home, where ſhe had had ſome opportunity, during the Marqueſs's examination of the Pilgrim, to give the Marchioneſs the Note, and a full account of all their proceedings, the Marchioneſs was very well pleas'd with what *Zora* did tell her, whereby divers ſcruples which had riſen in her mind, were remov'd: preſently after the Marqueſs came into the Chamber, and *Zora* told him, that there would be

a Litter at the time and place appointed, with which he seem'd very well satisfy'd: The rest of that day the Marquess did spend in giving his last orders to his Servants, and to get those things together which he intended for his present uses.

Having dispatch'd all other businesses, he return'd to his Wives Chamber, where he bid his Wife and *Zora* to prepare to be going within an hour, it being already towards the Evening. This made *Zora* to bussel about, and to fit the Marchioness in a travelling posture; at last, the Coach which the Marquess had appointed came to the Door, which made him to call upon his Wife once again; he led her to it, where he plac'd her, after which, he and *Zora* went in it; it was dark, and he had so muffled up both his Wife and *Zora* in Cloaks, that no body could well discern, if they were men or Women; in a short time

time after they came to the place, where the Litter was waiting for them, and his Mule likewiſe, which he had ſent before, whoſe Feet had been ſtuff'd, by the two new Mule-drivers, with things more uneaſie, than ſhe could well indure. So ſoon as the Marqueſs did ſee the Litter, and having haſtily plac'd his Wife in it, and *Zora* by her, he made it vp himſelf, and bidding the Mule-drivers go on, he got upon his Mule and follow'd.

They had not gone far before the Marqueſs's Mule began to halt, but he put her on ſtill, till at laſt ſhe could, or would not go any further; he did what he could to force her to it, but all in vain, for at laſt ſhe fairly laid her ſelf down, which oblig'd the Marqueſs to alight, and call after the Mule-drivers to ſtay, but they impatient to be at that place where they were expected by *Alphonſo*, and his Lady, they went on the faſter, he run after them cry-

crying as loud as he could for them to ſtay, but the uncivil Mule-drivers, did not ſo much as once look back; on the contrary the louder he call'd, and the faſter he did run, the faſter they drove, till they came to a turning, where they met with their Friends; preſently was the Marchioneſs taken out of the Litter by *Camille*, and led to *Alphonſo*'s Coach, where reſigning her into his Ladies Hands: *Thus, Madam*, ſaid he, *do I part with you, according to your deſires, and my promiſe, into the Hands of this moſt worthy Lady; and now, Madam, you are at your own diſpoſal*; there was no time for lōnger Compliments, the Marchioneſs only ſaid: *Now I find that you are truly generous, and that I have not deceiv'd my ſelf: Camille* gave her not time to ſay more, for he preſently put off his diſguiſe, and having got on a Horſe, he and *Alphonſo* did ride by the Coach ſide, while it carried the

the two Ladies; *Zora* and Father *Andrew*, another way into the City again, where they all got into *Alphonſo*'s Houſe by the back Door.

Mean time the poor Marqueſs did continue his hollowing and calling after the Mule-drivers, though he had long ſince loſt the ſight of them, and did trudg as he could after them; but the Gallants were gone with their Booty long before he did overtake the empty Litter, which the Mules (being left at their own diſpoſal) had carried to a little by-place, cloſe by the great Road, where they were biting upon a little Graſs, which they had met with; ſo that when he came up wearied and almoſt ſpent, he preſently look'd into it, but finding no body there, nor any where thereabouts, he fairly enter'd it to reſt himſelf, never minding where the Mules did carry him; and they having eaten that little of Graſs that they had

had met with, they went on, as by chance they had turn'd themſelves which prov'd to be the ready way back to the City.

The poor Marqueſs being thus carried, he knew not whether, nor did he care to know, with a very ſlow pace: He had both time and conveniency, to reflect on all his miſfortunes, and eſpecially on the greateſt of all, the loſs of his Wife; concluding with himſelf, that the whole world did conſent to his miſeries. What to do, which way to go, or what to reſolve upon, he knew not; therefore letting the Mules go which way they pleas'd, he began to conſider with himſelf, what was the reaſon that he was ſo unfortunate above all other men: amongſt many things which came to his Fancy on this account, the great ſeverity with which he had us'd his Wife, by giving too much ſcope unto his paſſions, did not a little perplex him, which might be

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the cauſe that ſhe had hearkned after any deſigns that had been propos'd to her, of freeing her ſelf from it, which otherwiſe peradventure ſhe had refus'd: No, no, then would he ſay again, I muſt not charge my ſelf with a fault that is wholly hers; thoſe moſt laſcivious papers which I did ſee ſo lately, by meer accident, do but too well expreſs her inclinations; yet ſhe did not write them, continued he; then after a little pauſe: but ſhe receiv'd them, and gave them harbour in her own Bed; and it is conſequently to be believ'd, that ſhe own'd them, approv'd of them, and gave a ſilent conſent to all the ill that was contain'd in them: At this reflection he made a great ſigh, and remain'd a while ſilent, after which, he again broke out in this manner: *But when I firſt had her, and that ſhe did yet enjoy ſome moments of liberty, I could never tax nor excuſe her*

her of any the leaſt correſpondency imaginable with any man; neither could I with all the exacteſt inquiſition that I could poſſibly uſe, learn that ſhe had ever had any publick, or private and particular converſe with any Perſon; ſo that this Pilgrim who now poſſeſſes her, is perhaps known to her but of late, and by meer accident, and ſhe perceiving him to be a man of good meen and parts; why might not ſhe wiſh that he might know of her hard reſtraint, and deſire that he might relieve her out of it; and where is that man that would refuſe her; ſhe in all this may have aim'd but at liberty; and notwithſtanding what hopes ſoever he may build upon, as he expreſs'd in his writing: She might have nobler thoughts, and ſuch as might defeat all his ill deſigns: Yea, but thoſe Kiſſes, would he ſay again, in a little paſſion, *thoſe laſcivious kiſſes might have been ſtoln from her,* continued he, as anſwering himſelf, *and I think that they were ſo*

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mention'd, and if ſtoln from her as well as from me, why ſhould I think that ſhe did approve of it, or conſented to the ſtealth? Thus was he canvaſſing the caſe to himſelf, willing in ſome meaſure to take upon himſelf the cauſe of his Wives leaving of him, when on the ſudden, a noiſe which he heard, did cauſe him to look out of the Litter, at which the Mules did ſtop, this made him to alight, and preſently he perceiv'd that he was not far from his late Houſe, where his Servants were ſtill, he therefore finding that that noiſe which he had heard, was termining into a quarrel, and that there were Swords already drawn, and being not in a humour to mind ſuch things, at that time eſpecially, he made what haſt he could towards his Door; but as he came forth of the Litter, he perceiv'd ſome ſcatter'd Papers in it, which he had the curioſity to take up, and having given a blow to one

of

of the Mules, they went on, while he got into his Houſe, where he was receiv'd with as much wonder as unexpectedneſs, by all his Servants. He preſently caus'd what they had diſplac'd in his Chamber, in order to tranſportation, to be laid in order again, and having forbid any of them to ask him any queſtions, he went to Bed, where he read thoſe Papers which he had found in the Litter.

The one of them was that Letter which the Marchioneſs had torn, not thinking it ſevere enough to rebuke *Camille*'s inſolence, in kiſſing of her; at which the Marqueſs ſeem'd as well pleas'd, as if it had been news of getting his Wife again. The other were indifferent things, yet with ſomething or other ſtill in them, which ſpake more a deſire of being freed from Slavery, than of Love: theſe looſe Papers were, it was likely, ſcatter'd in the haſtily getting out of the Litter, at the time

time of the ſeiſing on the Marchioneſs; but ſuch as they were, they did ſo confirm him in thoſe thoughts which he inclin'd to have of his Wifes honeſty, that taking hold thereon, he did lay the whole cauſe of her miſcarriage upon himſelf; this with his late miſchance of the Tub, and his over-heating himſelf in running after the Litter, together with the trouble of Spirit which he had upon him, for obliging, and in a manner, forcing his Wife to that extremity of leaving him, did preſently caſt him into a violent Feaver, to which a remorce of having divers times had a deſign of poyſoning of her, did not a little contribute.

Of truth the Marchioneſs was not ſo much to blame as ſome Perſons might imagin, if all the circumſtances of her late action was weigh'd with an equal hand, in the ſcale of reaſon: She was young, beautiful, and endowed with

with excellent parts of the mind; she had been forc'd by her Parents into the arms of a Person for whom she had a natural aversion against his Person, as well as against that morose, crabbed, and jealous Nature, which had always been so predominant in him, that even before Marriage he had made her sensible of some of its ill effects, and had given out such words within her hearing, as did sufficiently express how he would use her, when once she was his Wife; she had ever since that found and felt the sad effects of those Menaces, without the least cause given by her to be so ill treated; it was a very hard Fate, for her thus to be sequestred from all conversation, though never so modest and innocent, to be buried alive in the Arms of a Person that she so perfectly loath'd, and that far from endeavouring to gain her affection, did use her so barbariously, that it daily did increase her aversion against him. All that she had done

was

was but to free her ſelf from that intolerable ſlavery under which ſhe lived moſt miſerably, and whatſoever her deliverer did promiſe, or propoſe to himſelf, as a reward for his Services; ſhe knew what was fit for her to give, not to prove ungrateful, and what to retain, not to be counted vitious: It is true, that ſhe had thrown her ſelf into the Power of an amorous young man, whom peradventure nothing would ſatisfy, but what ſhe was not to give, but then ſhe had not the opportunity to pick and chuſe: *Camille* was the only Perſon that had proffer'd his aid, to free her from her miſery; if ſhe refus'd this, ſhe knew not whether the Heavens wou'd be ſo kind to her again, as to ſend her any other opportunity; ſhe was going to be made yet more miſerable than ever, by that ſevere reſtraint that her too cruel Husband was going to put her under, as he had often given out he would, nay, her very Life had often been threatned, though

though at a diſtance; in all theſe conditions ſhe could not hope to find any relief but in Death; ſhe was ſequeſtred from all her Friends and Relations, carried away into a ſtrange Country, where ſhe had no body to make her complaints unto. In the midſt of all theſe afflictions, *Camille* ſeem'd to her, as ſent from Heaven to be her deliverer; he was a Gentleman ſo all his actions did ſpeak him, he might for ought that ſhe knew be virtuouſly given as ſoon as vitious, or at leaſt virtue might have ſo much aſcendant over him, that with a modeſt reſiſtance againſt any inordinate deſires, ſhe might aſſiſt that virtue to get the upper hand in him. That in caſe he ſhould prove otherways, ſhe would endeavour to get out of his power, by the aſſiſtance of ſome Religious Perſons, or by giving private notice of it to her Relations, that in the mean time ſhe would ſtave him off with fair promiſes and de-

delays, and finally if all that would not do, ſhe was reſolv'd to ſacrifice her Virtue to Death, rather than her body to his laſcivious Embraces.

It were with theſe and divers other conſiderations of the like Nature, that were back'd with that laſt reſolution of dying rather than yielding, that the Marchioneſs had caſt her ſelf into the Arms of *Camille*'s protection, which ſhe did ſoon put into Practice; for the next morning, *Don Alphonſo* and his Lady going to ſee how *Camille* did, after the firſt Compliments were over, he did beg of her before her Husband, that ſhe would endeavour to prevail ſo with the Marchioneſs as that he might but ſee her. She immediately went about it, and was not long before ſhe return'd with leave for him to come to her, where he might ſtay ſo long as ſhe were by, to which he preſently conſenting, he went with her to the Marchioneſs's Chamber, he

was

was no ſooner at the Door, but that he run, and caſting himſelf at her Feet, he ſaid: *Madam, I am come to offer you an heart more buſied with an earneſt ambition of ſerving you further yet*, than poſſeſt with the thoughts of receiving any recompence for his former Services: *Yet Madam, not ſo wholly inſenſible of the happineſs, which he might receeive from you, if you would but allow him ſome place in your eſteem, as not humbly to ſue for it. Sir*, replyed the Marchioneſs, making ſome motion which expreſs'd her deſire that he ſhould riſe, *I cannot be ſo inſenſible, of that generous aſſiſtance which I have receiv'd from you, as not to reſent it with all the gratitude that my boſome can be capable of, and it is ſo lately that I have felt the advantage of it, that I cannot ſo ſoon forget it. I do acknowledge, Sir, before this Lady here*, continued ſhe, *that I am infinitely oblig'd to you for what you have lately*

done

done in my concerns, for proof where-of, I do confeſs that I owe you all that my abilities in the preſent condition I am, and that my honour can permit me to give you, beſides this, I being of a Diſpoſition, as will not permit me to remain long in peace with my ſelf, while that virtue lies unrewarded: I gladly receiv'd, and entertain'd your requeſt of ſeeing me, that I might have the opprrtunity of giving you ſome ſmall Tokens of my gratitude, till my good Fortune does enable me to further reach the merits of your ſingular Services to me; be pleas'd therefore to accept of all that little which I have in my own diſpoſing at preſent, till Time and Fortune do further enable me to ſuit my rewards more proportionable to your deſerts. *Camille* was going to anſwer, when ſhe thus went on, taking hold of the middle of a Toylet that was upon a Table near her: Here, Sir, is all I have, it is ſmall, conſidering what I owe you, I doubt not but

that a Perſon that has acted ſo generouſly as you have done, will be contented wiih the good will, where the Power cannot extend any further, with that ſhe lifted off the Toylet which ſhe held in her hand, and diſcover'd to *Camille*'s Eyes, a parcel of Jewels of great value. *Camille* had no ſooner caſt his Eyes upon them, but turning his Face from them, with an air that did expreſs a contemning of ſuch trifles. You have a deſign to mock me, Madam, ſaid he, with an emotion which expreſs'd his diſlike, in pretending to gratify me, while you offer me this parcel of Jewels, and at the ſame time you reſerve to your ſelf that ineſtimable Gem, your heart, which might ſet me in poſſeſſion of thoſe Mines of Treaſures which diſcover their Luſtre over your Face, and — he was going on, when the Marchioneſs did thus interrupt him: Sir, you have very ſoon forgot the promiſes which you made to my Servant here,

here, and doubtleſs that you were thinking of ſomething elſe while you made them; yet I am happy in that you have obſerv'd ſo much of them as has invited you to put me into the hands of ſo worthy a Lady as this is, and in a place where I need not fear any thing beyond words; yet give me leave to tell you that they ſurprize me much; but however, Sir, I am extreamly ſorry, that I cannot gratify you out of my own ſtore, and that you covet that which I was forc'd long ago to part with to another, though I muſt confeſs abſolutely againſt my will: but however now it is no more mine, and though this Boſome, pointing at her Breaſt, is ſtill the Caskanet, wherein it is kept; there is ſuch a ſtrong Guard ſet upon it by Virtue: as can never be forc'd but with the loſs of my Life, till the right owner of it, though he is never ſo unworthy, looſes his property in it by death. If that were all, Ma-

dam, ſaid *Camille*, his Life were not ſo conſiderable, that he ſhould be loath to loſe it, or any one fear the taking of it away, which would be but like the removing of a Stone out of that way, that would lead one to the poſſeſſion of that pretious Jewel: This did *Camille* ſay, in a tone that expreſs'd much diſorder in his mind, of which the Marchioneſs taking notice: That were the way, ſaid ſhe, to caſt ſo dark a Cloud over it, and the raſh undertaker of ſo foul a deed, as would eternally darken its luſtre, and hide for ever from my Eyes that Perſon, that ſhould ſo unworthily attempt it, or ſhould they offer the leaſt violence to deprive me of it, I ſhould look upon them, as on the worſt of men; and I would certainly ſacrifice my Life for its preſervation. This did the Marchioneſs ſpeak with ſo much reſolution and boldneſs, that *Camille* was at a ſtand, not knowing what he ſhould ſay. Which gave the

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Marchioneſs leiſure to continue in this manner. But I can diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken in raillery, and by way of common diſcourſe, from that which might proceed from the Heart, and I have better thoughts of my deliverer, neither can it enter in my imagination, that a Perſon that has ſo franckly ſerv'd me, ſhould harbour in his Breaſt, ſuch mean and unworthy deſigns, while he contemns thoſe things which might have taken with any mercenary, and low Spirited Perſons. But I am confident, continued ſhe, that you are above thoſe trifles, and that like all other brave Souls, yours expects its reward from that virtue, which ſet it on thoſe brave actions, which cannot be recompenc'd, but by that ſame virtue, which firſt did move it, to the performance. Here *Camille* being overcome by the Marchioneſs's generous expreſſions, and looking upon thoſe deſigns with which he had ap-

proach'd her, as groſs and foul Earthy exaltations, which if not diſperſed from his mind, by thoſe refulgent Rayes, which the brightneſs of the Marchioneſs's brave example did caſt upon him, would hinder him from appearing with the like luſtre, and from moving in the ſame Sphere of Virtue that ſhe did; he therefore, wholly changing his mind, and firſt deſigns as ſcorning to be out-done by a Woman, did immediately caſt from himſelf all laſcivious deſires, and low thoughts, to give a full and entire poſſeſſion of his Soul to Virtue, which made him anſwer the Marchioneſs in this manner.

That Virtue, Madam, which ſhines with ſo much luſtre throughout all your actions, were more than ſufficient, were I any other ways inclin'd, to work perfect reformation in me. It appears, ſo great ſo glorious, and ſo aimable in you, that nothing but that can be

ſaid

ſaid to ſurpaſs all thoſe other bleſſings of body and mind, that the Heavens have ſhowr'd upon you with a prodigal hand, which moves an emulation in all generous Spirits; henceforward, Madam, continued he, I bid adieu to all the little Sallies and Gayeties of inordinate Youth, to wait with patience at your Feet, for what the Heavens will be pleas'd to ſet apart for me; only this, Madam, I humbly crave of you, that if ever there be hopes, I may ſtand the faireſt in your affections; he will out live your patience, Sir, reply'd the Marchioneſs; then turning her Head aſide to hide ſome bluſhes, which what ſhe was going to ſay did ſpread over her Face: at leaſt I fear ſo, continued ſhe, with a ſigh, after a little pauſe: Oh! Madam, what a Cordial have you adminſtred to my fainting heart? reply'd *Camille*, ſay but once more, Madam, that you have that eſteem for me, as to al-

low of your Hearts good Wiſhes in my behalf, and I proteſt by all that is ſacred, never to endeavour my happineſs by any ſiniſter means; I ſhall with an exemplary patience wait for what my Stars and your fair ſelf have decreed for me, and employ all that time that ſhall run betwixt this moment and then, in admiring your Beauties, in ſetting forth your praiſes, and in obeying your Commands, with all the fervour, zeal, and diligence, that a Heart ſo poſſeſt with the admiration of your Virtues, as mine is, can be capable of. And I muſt tell you, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that ſo long as you bring that temper along with you, you ſhall be welcome to my heart, in which you may claim as great a ſhare, as Virtue and Honour can allow you. This Crowns that Victory, Madam, anſwer'd *Camille*, which I have lately obtain'd over my paſſions, and that honour which I receive of being the firſt in

your

your eſteem, is ſo far beyond all that I ſhall ever merit, that I can deſire no more than the permiſſion to ſeal the proteſtation which I here make to be eternally yours, (with that the Marchioneſs gave him her Hand to kiſs) upon this white Author of my happineſs, continued he, till I have leave to taſt of that Nectar, which flows on your Lips. That you once took, ſaid the Marchioneſs, when I was not in a condition to forbid it, which I have now you forgiven you, and I will not refuſe ſo inſignificant a thing however you eſteemit, when you ſue ſo modeſtly for it, but ſtop there, and let the bounds of your deſires be limitted within this compaſs, till it ſhall pleaſe the Heavens to enlarge them: after this *Camille* kiſs'd her Lip, and was going to return her thanks with an aſſurance of his moderation, when Father *Andrew* enter'd the Chamber as brisk as could be, ſaying, Madam, give me my News-guift before I tell you the beſt news that you have heard ſince your deliverance. That I will good Father, reply'd the Marchioneſs, for I own my ſelf already much indebted to you; with that ſhe took up a fair Diamond-Ring which lay upon the Table, and taking out of her

Pocket a Purse of Gold, Sir, said she in a low voice to *Camille*, giving him the Ring, accept of this pledge of my Friendship, and wear it for my sake; then turning to Father *Andrew*, and you good Father, continued she, receive this small reward of your Services, until I am in a better capacity to acknowledge them: saying this, she gave him the purse of Gold. The good Father having receiv'd the golden blessing with an humble bow, he thus begain his Story.

I am but just now return'd from the City, where after divers inquiries, I have learned that the Marquess your Husband, Madam, was returned to his Lodgings before day, that he had been taken so violently ill of a Feaver, that all the Physitians of the Town that are about him had given him for dead; notwithstanding the frequent repetitions of bleeding, and all the other means that their Art can use upon him; his Feaver increasing so violently that he sayes himself that he is a dead Man: This made me go to a Religious Father of my acquaintance here, where having fitted my self with a Religious Habit, I have desired him to accompany me to the

the Marquiſs, where I prayed him to mix amongſt his comforts ſome gentle touches of his hard uſage of you, with ſome admonition to make you amends at his Death. But when we came there, I ſtanding a little aſide, leſt my preſence ſhould diſtract his thoughts, I found him already diſpos'd as I would have him, he was ſaying to his Kinſ-man the Juſtice that is with him, that he was very ſenſible of the wrongs which he had done his Wife, that he wiſh'd that he could but once again ſee her before he died, to ask her pardon for it; that for proof that this reconciliation to his Wife was ſincere, and in it after ſome few Legacies and ſome guifts to the Church to pray for his ſoul, he would leave his dear Wife ſole Heir of his Eſtate. This news made the Marchioneſs to go immediately to her Husband, who did no ſooner perceive her but he took her by the hand, and did a Thouſandtimes ask her pardon for his ill treating of her, and after he had ratified the Will which he had made, ſince Father *Andrews* abſence, & which was in his Kinſ-mans hands, having call'd for it and given it to her in the preſence of all, he preſently after gave up the Ghoſt. The Marchioneſs after this, leaving directions with her Husbands Kinſ-man concerning what ſhe would have done, leaving to his management all the concerns in that City; as alſo the care of her Husbands Tranſportation and Burial in his own Country according to his deſires, amongſt his Anceſtors; ſhe returned to *Alphonſo's* Houſe, where being fatigated and late in the Night, ſhe went to Bed.

The next morning after that ſhe was up and ready to receive a viſit, *Camille* came to her to renew his ſuit, ſummoning her of her promiſes, to

which

which she made answer, that she would do him Justice; after which, *Don Alphonso*, his Lady, Father *Andrew*, and *Zora*, being present, she declar'd before them all, that she receiv'd Signior *Camille* for her Husband, she gave him her hand in assurance of it, and further said, that so soon as she had paid those formalities which were due to the dead, she would confirm it by marriage. *Camille* full of joy did return her all the thanks imaginable; the whole company did applaud her choice, and wish'd them both all Joy and Happiness.

After that all the ceremonies of the Funeral were over, and that the Marchioness had sent her late Husbands Kinsman to take possession in her name, of what he had left her, she began, through *Camille*'s incessant importunities to think on Marriage: In short, within the compass of some Months they were Married, to both their contents, after which they having return'd infinite thanks to *Don Alphonso* and his Lady, to and given them some presents, as also the Justice who had been their Friend: they took leave of all and return'd into *Italy*, taking along with them, the good Father *Andrew*, and *Zora*, where they were both provided for during their lives very plentifully; and *Camille* having made his peace with the Church, he enjoy'd his Marchioness with great pleasure and content.

FINIS.